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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE much advertised debate on the Zinoviev Letter last Monday was as well stage-managed on the Government side as it was badly by the Labour Party. Revelations had been promised, and they came; but not from the Opposition. Mr. Baldwin's dramatic production of the communication from Mr. im Thurn, describing how a copy of the Letter came into his hands and how through him it reached the office of the *Daily Mail*, was what that newspaper would have called a "bombshell" for Mr. MacDonald and his followers. It destroyed at a blow the whole case for another enquiry and robbed the Opposition of all their ammunition. The only case on which the demand for further investigation could legitimately have rested lay in the apparent implication of Mr. Marlowe's first letter, which seemed to suggest that the newspaper of which he was then Editor could obtain information from servants of the Crown whenever it wished, and that it did so in regard to the Zinoviev document. Mr. Marlowe's subsequent letter, and the Prime Minister's state-

ment, made it clear that this was not so. Mr. Marlowe was only boasting. We hope that the last has now been heard of the whole affair. If the Socialists are wise they will hope so too.

The Revised Prayer Book Measure has been issued in its final form. It has now to go before the Convocations, then back to the Church Assembly for formal approval; thereafter once more to Parliament. Its fate must be decided on its merits as it stands; it cannot be further revised or amended. Since the modifications made by the Bishops after the original measure had been defeated in the Commons, the Book has been subjected to further considerable alterations of detail. These have been designed with the object of still further explaining its intentions and allaying suspicions of Popery. The alternative nature of the new Book is further emphasized; the Rubric covering Reservation has been modified so as to preclude—or attempt to preclude—the possibility of the Sacrament being reserved except when it is undeniably necessary for administration to the sick; and this concession to Protestant feeling is balanced by the removal of the regulation, offensive to Anglo-Catholics, whereby the reserved elements might be kept in a cupboard in the vestry.

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Whether the latest alterations will inspire confidence is open to some doubt; their only demonstrable result so far has been the defection of another Bishop, and one whose influence among the ritualists is very considerable. Moderate opinion will still hope that the Measure will receive acceptance in Parliament because the alternative is chaos; but the anxiety of the Bishops to meet criticism from all quarters has laid them open to the objection that the "less or more" has perhaps been a shade over-nicely calculated.

Into the incident in the *Royal Oak* at Malta, which led to Rear-Admiral Collard, in the 1st Battle Squadron of the Mediterranean Fleet, striking his flag and Captain Dewar and Commander Daniel being suspended, it would not now be proper to inquire. An official investigation in the shape of two courts-martial has been ordered, and in due course its findings will be published. The rights and wrongs of the case can wait till then. It is not these, but the attitude of the Admiralty in handling the affair that has chiefly agitated opinion. By its reticence and delay the Admiralty undoubtedly conveyed an impression of wishing to hush up the whole matter and of only yielding information meagrely and reluctantly in response to pressure in Parliament and the Press. It has since attempted to excuse itself, but a First Lord who one day boasts that the Navy's wireless communications are superb and almost the next finds himself compelled to put the blame for lack of information on the failure of this very medium is exceedingly unlucky. There was no reason in this instance why officialdom should have rushed into the arms of the public with detailed information—with the kind of argument which urges that the public has "a right to know" we are not impressed—but the worst of appearing to withhold information deliberately is that it encourages alarmists and those who are out for sensation. That danger was demonstrated on this occasion by the excited reports in the newspapers of "mutiny."

M. Litvinoff has scarcely gone out of his way to compliment the League of Nations on its work in the field of disarmament. He has taken so little trouble to conceal the fact that his presence in Geneva is due only to a desire to show up the "hypocrisy" of the Capitalist States that Lord Cushendun's critical analysis of the Russian proposals on Tuesday last must have won the warm approval of every capital except Moscow. Its welcome in Washington should be even warmer than in London, since M. Litvinoff must considerably have embarrassed the Americans by claiming to be sharing the same boat with them. The Russians wanted to abolish all armaments, thereby ruling out war, while the Americans wanted to outlaw war and, therefore, logically would be in favour of the complete abolition of armaments. This sort of logic is as unpalatable to Anglo-Saxons as the logic of Lord Cushendun's speech must have been to M. Litvinoff in Geneva and to his colleagues in Moscow.

The British Government have been wise in agreeing that the Russian disarmament proposals should be examined coolly and in detail, since an outright rejection of them would have given

Moscow that chance of blaming Capitalist governments for which doubtless it was hoping. The Russian failure in Geneva is one of a series of setbacks which cannot be without influence on Soviet policy. Little, if any, progress is being made in the Franco-Russian debt negotiations; the policy of fomenting trouble in China has spectacularly come to grief; and, still more recently, the Germans have protested much more strongly against the arrest of their engineers in the Donetz Basin than M. Tchicherin had anticipated. Russia's relations with Germany, her principal source of money, are now almost as bad as they were with Great Britain at the time of the Arcos affair. It is no exaggeration to say that she is more isolated at present than she has been at any time during the last ten years. Hopes of obtaining much-needed credits must be very small.

Pending the success of negotiations on a general treaty for the abolition of war, to which we refer elsewhere, the United States has legitimately enough decided to build a fleet which can compare with that of Great Britain. The Naval Bill, the first step in this direction, has been pushed through the House of Representatives without being greatly changed. Possibly the Naval Affairs Committee of the Senate will modify the Bill, but this is, from the British point of view, a matter of minor importance. What really interests us is that in the House of Representatives an amendment was added to the effect that the programme might be suspended "in the event of an international agreement, which the President is requested to encourage, for the further limitation of naval armaments." There could be no better proof that the people of the United States, like the people of Great Britain, have taken the failure of the Three-Power Naval Conference last summer with equanimity. It is satisfactory to see that in his reply to M. Litvinoff in Geneva Lord Cushendun emphasized the readiness of this country to resume discussions for naval limitation.

The "party bosses" in the United States have been at some pains to find a platform on which to fight the Presidential elections, Governor Al. Smith, the most popular Democratic candidate, is in difficulties because he has been known to drink alcohol. Mr. Hoover, the most obvious Republican candidate, is in difficulties because it is alleged that many years ago he was married by a Roman Catholic priest. A new and very important element has been introduced, much to the distress of the Republicans, in the oil scandals which tend to show that Mr. Sinclair, of Teapot Dome fame, bribed everybody from President Harding downwards. There is to be a thorough investigation into the doings of Mr. Sinclair and his Continental Trading Company, and what Senator Borah calls "this slimy, sordid, drab betrayal of public trust" will probably alter the whole course of the election campaign. Senator Borah doubts whether anything "of the same nature or kind has ever happened in any country." It is not for us to state an opinion, but Americans will excuse a certain *Schadenfreude* due to the discovery that their great men are certainly no better than the political leaders of Europe.

The one country which has cause to rejoice in the Tangier Conference which opened in Paris on Tuesday last is Italy. She has been called in to assist in amending an agreement to which she was not allowed to be a party, concerning an international port where her interests are only nominal. There has been no more striking compliance with Signor Mussolini's claim that Italy, as a great Mediterranean Power, must be consulted in any question affecting the Mediterranean. It is to be hoped that, as one result of the Tangier Conference, relations between Paris and Rome will be somewhat improved. Another result will be that Spain, having obtained concessions from France which should facilitate the control of the Spanish zone in Morocco, is returning to the League of Nations; and a third result—unless the Italians demand a far greater share in the Tangier administration than can be granted to them—should be that that international city will recover the prosperity which squabbles between the Powers have so long impeded.

The method by which Conservatives are chosen to stand as candidates for Parliament has continued to provoke lively discussion in the columns of *The Times*. The subject is one of great moment to the future virility of the Conservative Party, and if its ventilation is followed by repentance and reform much good will result. It is the plain fact that a great deal of service and talent is deliberately thwarted by the present system, under which a candidate is too often expected to have sufficient means to nurse his constituency and pay his election expenses. There are those who justify the limiting effect of this stipulation with the argument that to place a man under an obligation to an Association would rob him of independence. It is a specious argument, but one quite unjustified by experience. On the contrary, an Association that has spent its own money on promoting a candidate and financing his election is far more likely to give him its active support, and to show appreciation of his efforts and actions, than one which gets its candidate for nothing.

One of the causes of Labour's electoral enthusiasm is undoubtedly the fact that its efforts are financially communal; one of the causes of the apathy of the Conservatives—a perennial complaint—is the fact that theirs are not. People appreciate what they have to pay for. Wealth should be the last not the first qualification for candidature; from every point of view it is undesirable that a candidate should have a constituency in his pocket. Now that the new Franchise Bill will still further increase the cost of elections, a change is more than ever necessary, unless the representation of the Conservative Party is to become the privilege of millionaires.

Proof that the official conscience is at last alive to the necessity of preserving what is left of the English countryside was afforded by the action of the Government in relation to the Petroleum Bill. On Monday the Home Secretary moved that the Committee dealing with the Bill be authorized to

empower local authorities to prevent injury to scenery by ugly petrol-filling stations. On Tuesday, in Standing Committee, a clause to this effect was introduced and passed. What made this particularly satisfactory was that an amendment to the clause, curtailing the length of time during which existing filling stations should be exempted from the provision, was passed with Government support, against the votes of several of their own Party. The original proposal was that no structural alterations should be obligatory for at least five years. This period was amended to two years. There seemed to be some fear that any shorter period of years than five would result in by-laws likely to ruin people in a small way of business; but to fear this was to impute altogether too much energy and reforming zeal to local authorities. Rural preservation is pressing. Deliberately to have prevented the removal of existing eye-sores for at least five years would have been unwarrantable. We need improvement as soon as we can get it.

Ten years ago this week the most highly concentrated onslaught in military history was made by Ludendorff against the Third and Fifth British Armies. Since the first great German drive in 1914, which came so near to success, the situation on the Western Front had been static. This second drive—like the first, so nearly successful—constituted the supreme German attempt to consummate the decision which had been frustrated on the Marne. The voice of complaint at our present discontents dies at the thought of what our plight would be to-day had the German attack succeeded. It failed, as it seemed at the time, almost by the intervention of Providence; at the very crisis it lost impetus. We know now that it failed mainly from its own exhaustion and from the inability to maintain effective communications over an area that had been devastated by repeated battles. The effect of the failure was to bring the end of the war nearer by many months, and although before it failed it had inflicted a heavy tactical defeat on British arms, it nevertheless evoked a concerted courage and stubbornness both at the front and at home of which any nation might be proud.

Sir Ernest Benn has been suggesting that one way of stimulating the sale of books would be to sell them on the hire-purchase system. He proposed that married couples setting up house should devote a part of their outlay to the purchase of a library. Even if one is indisposed to regard books as items of furniture, any scheme that is likely to promote the sale of books deserves friendly consideration. The thing has been done before—there have been various libraries of Scott, Dickens and Balzac. The initial payment of ten shillings (or it may have been a pound) procured the entire series within two years. We can see no objection to the purchase of such a series of classics as (let us say) the "Everyman Library" on the instalment system. The payment of a few shillings a month would put the suburban householder in the possession of works by Shakespeare, Montaigne, Racine, Machiavelli and F. W. Robertson and might induce in course of time a genuine enthusiasm for literature.

BRINGING IN AMERICA

ALTHOUGH, during the eight years of its existence, the League of Nations has dealt mainly with the encouragement of international co-operation, M. Litvinoff is probably correct in his assertion at Geneva that 111 resolutions on the problem of disarmament have been passed by the Council or Assembly, and it has to be admitted that, superficially at any rate, very little progress towards the abolition of war has been made. At the present moment the Preparatory Commission for the Disarmament Conference, with the assistance of three countries which are not members of the League—the United States, Russia and Turkey—is continuing, not very successfully, its effort to reach agreement on the technical problems of what armaments are, and how, if political considerations did not exist, they could be reduced. A week or two ago the Committee on Arbitration and Security endeavoured, also not very successfully, to draw up model treaties of arbitration and conciliation designed to give governments that sense of safety which must inevitably precede any important measure of disarmament.

In our view the slow progress made is quite definitely to be welcomed, since nothing else would have had the effect of arousing serious study throughout the world of the difficulties of disarmament and of the dangers of a failure to achieve it. We have now reached a point at which the Old World and the New, working from definitely conflicting theories, are more nearly in agreement than they have ever been in the past or are likely to be for many years to come. When M. Briand first threw out his proposal for a treaty between France and the United States to outlaw war he doubtless had in mind the American failure to confirm the guarantees promised to France during the Peace Conference. And when Mr. Kellogg unexpectedly welcomed the Briand suggestion and proposed a general treaty he was certainly not oblivious to the beneficial effects such a proposal would have in the Presidential election campaign in his own country. That is to say, there was a good deal of bluff on both sides. But public opinion has taken the two statesmen at their word. The result is that the negotiations are not to be allowed to drop and that M. Briand, instead of throwing in his hand because Mr. Kellogg insists on a general, rather than a bilateral, treaty, has been persuaded by Sir Austen Chamberlain and Herr Stresemann in Geneva to send back an encouraging reply.

The European idea of assuring peace is based upon the organization of "sanctions," including the resort to arms against an aggressor State. The American thesis is that war must be "outlawed." Until a week or two ago it was impossible to take this proposal very seriously, since law without the ultimate backing of force could scarcely be expected to succeed better in international affairs than it would in the domestic affairs of a nation. Therefore France insisted that only wars of aggression should be ruled out, while the United States maintained that aggression was a word which could not be defined, and Mr. Kellogg held that an attempt to define it would

be, as Sir Austen Chamberlain has put it, "a trap for the innocent and a sign-post for the guilty."

But Senator Borah, in the *New York Times* of February 5, gave an interpretation of the outlawry of war which accords so well with the obligations other nations have accepted in signing the Covenant of the League that the conclusion of a general treaty ruling out war "as an instrument of national policy" is now within the realm of practical politics. Senator Borah takes the case of the Franco-Belgian alliance and maintains that, should an attack on Belgium be made by one of the signatories of a multi-lateral treaty outlawing war, "it would constitute a breach of the multi-lateral treaty and would thereby *ipso facto* release France and enable her to fulfil her military engagements with Belgium." In other words, the obligations of nations under the multi-lateral treaty proposed by the Americans would appear to be exactly the same as those upon which the League has been built up.

These negotiations between M. Briand and Mr. Kellogg have a peculiar importance for this country. The difficulties which the British Government have to face in accepting any international obligations are perhaps not quite so considerable as Sir Austen Chamberlain and Lord Cushendun are apt to suggest in Geneva, but they are very much greater than European countries generally realize. It is perfectly possible to foresee a crisis in which the British Government, in carrying out their duties under the Covenant in blockading an aggressor State, would feel compelled to hold up United States' shipping. This contingency is one of the causes of Great Britain's reluctance to accept compulsory arbitration in any form or for any class of disputes, and it is also the principal factor which led to the breakdown of the Three-Power Naval Conference, since Americans maintain that they must have a navy strong enough to protect their trade as neutrals in time of war. A multi-lateral treaty on the Borah model should rule out the possibility of the United States seeking to make profit by trading with a country against which the fifty odd Members of the League were compelled to bring sanctions. As one result of it discussions on disarmament would cease to be academic and, as another, relations between the Old World and the New would, we believe, improve enormously.

We are well aware of the difficulties that have to be overcome. Sceptics object to the proposal because they maintain that Mr. Kellogg has only the Presidential elections in view. Idealists tremble lest any treaty with the United States should weaken the League of Nations. But realists feel that the moment has come when the United States may be willing to accept nearly every fundamental principle of the League, although certainly not its name. Sir Austen Chamberlain may shortly be called upon to take a direct part in general negotiations on this subject. Should he be partly instrumental in drafting a treaty which will co-ordinate American and European schemes for the prevention of war, he will have achieved something infinitely greater than his much-talked-of treaties of Locarno.

BUDGET PROSPECTS

THE financial year ends on Monday week, and the accounts are nearly made up. There seems to be no doubt that Mr. Churchill will have, for the first time since he became Chancellor, a surplus—not large indeed, but sufficient to signalize this his third year of office. He has had hard luck, for his first two years were ruined financially by the general strike and the coal stoppage. But, on the other hand, he has yet to display conspicuous financial ability. Mr. Churchill has never quite grasped the full gravity of expenditure that exceeds 800 millions, and he has signally failed to realize the hopes of economy that his appointment excited. If these expectations were unreasonable or extravagant, the blame lay on the high popular estimate of Mr. Churchill's abilities, and if that estimate is still maintained, it is more by brilliant debating power than by any positive achievement in finance. History, if it had now to characterize Mr. Churchill as Chancellor, would have to write him down as a disappointing failure. He has still two Budgets in which to make his reputation as Chancellor—the coming year's and the next year's.

The prospects for the new financial year are not bright. He has managed to get expenditure down by some 13 millions on the estimates that have been published for the coming year, and though that sum is below the amount that he has added to expenditure it is something to be thankful for. On the other hand, in budgeting for the new year he will have to count on a drop of revenue by no less than 32 millions. For in both his last two Budgets Mr. Churchill raided and "subbed" to that extent to tide him over temporary difficulties, and that source of income is now dried up. This leaves him 19 millions to the bad on the basis of this year's estimates. It must, however, be remembered that he raised the provision for the sinking fund from its statutory 50 millions to 65 millions, so that he has only to go back to the old 50 millions and to allow for normal increases of revenue to have a prospect of budgeting for a slight surplus next year on the present basis of taxation.

Non haec promissa dedisti. And, indeed, so much have past promises been falsified that Mr. Churchill is naturally chary of raising fresh hopes. About no coming Budget have we known so much of what it will not contain. There is to be no reduction of income tax, and even if he had the money to spare, he has told us that he would not give it to the income tax payers. There is to be no penny post, no reduction of spirit duties or of wine duties, no changes in the taxation of food. These things may all be inferred from one or other of Mr. Churchill's recent speeches. It looks as though he has kept very few secrets to reveal. But we may count with some degree of confidence on two changes, one in administration and the other in some method of relief in local rating. Nothing is more probable than that the whole system of levying the betting tax will be changed, if not in this Budget at any rate in the next. The Government are pledged to give facilities to Major Glyn's Betting Bill, should the House give it a second reading, as it did on Friday

week. Its passage will not be so easy as at one time seemed likely, but there is no reason why the totalisator should not be installed on many racecourses before the Grand National of next year.

The yield of the betting tax has been disappointing; both Mr. Churchill's original estimate and its two subsequent revisions have been falsified. The reason is that the bookmakers whom Mr. Churchill trusted to act as his agents have, many of them, defrauded him. One reason why he has turned to the totalisator is that on whatever money is staked through it the State can at any rate count on receiving its legal due. In proportion as the totalisator supersedes the bookmaker, Mr. Churchill will be able to count on a calculable revenue which he can increase with the increase of tax, and thereby control the betting habits of the country. Whether the human bookmaker survives or not is a matter of comparatively minor importance, for even if he survives the Chancellor will certainly not allow the new mechanical competitor to suffer because it honestly pays its tax. Not only will the racecourse bookmaker be forced to pay his tax under penalty of being crushed by the new competition if he does not, but the starting-price offices ought ultimately to pay, in addition to the tax, some equivalent of the amount that the totalisator contributes to the upkeep of the sport. For that reason the suggestion made by the bookmakers to Mr. Churchill recently that he should substitute a graduated licence tax on bookmakers in place of the tax or turnover, even if it is adopted now, is not likely to survive the introduction of the totalisator. The betting tax has been grossly and foolishly attacked, both by the Puritans who dislike touching the unclean thing and by the betting interests. The outcome of it all seems likely to be that a regular and very considerable revenue will be added to the Chancellor's resources. Mr. Churchill, who depends on the totalisator for these prospects, will make a grave mistake if he does not press Major Glyn's Bill forward by every means that he can command.

The important change in the new Budget will probably be in relief of rates. From what he has told us about what he will not do, we may infer with some degree of confidence that he will at any rate make a beginning in his new Budget in the reform of local rating, and the suspicions expressed here recently that the Government plans were much more forward than was generally supposed will probably turn out to be well founded. The change will not take the form of a general relief from the Imperial Exchequer to local rates. It will probably be confined in the first instance to the owners of works whose contribution to the rates, abnormally large in any case, seeing that the ground that they occupy is extensive in proportion to the profits, has in many districts to be paid out of losses. That violates the whole theory of local rating, which is in intention a crude form of income tax, because the size of a man's premises was thought to be a rough indication of his wealth. Whatever basis there may once have been for that theory, it no longer holds, and it may well be that the first beginnings of reform will be made in those congested areas where the highest rates are at present levied on the maximum losses.

The reforms will not be completed in the new Budget, nor, we hasten to add, will the principles on which they are defended escape a wider application than Mr. Churchill at present imagines. For if works are to be relieved of their present inequitable share of the rates, will not that relief pave the way for a distinction in the assessment of income tax between income which is wholly derived from the machinery of a man's own brain (as with most professional incomes), and ceases with his death and ill-health, and income derived from the employment of others on a machine of organization which goes on producing irrespective of the life or good health of the first organizer, and nominal controller? The tax on the first form of income is really a tax on capital; the second is a genuine income tax, and some recognition of the distinction should in equity be made in the assessment of future liability to income tax. The distinction will not, we may be sure, be made in the coming Budget; but Mr. Churchill could do no juster or more popular thing than make the distinction in time for the Budget after that.

THE COMEDY OF WESTMINSTER

House of Commons, Thursday

THANKS to private members and the Opposition the House has derived both entertainment and enlightenment from some of this week's debates, while the Government has been plodding along with necessary but unspectacular business. Mr. Bridgeman introduced the Navy Estimates last Thursday with a complaint that the custom of publishing an explanatory memorandum beforehand deprived the House of "the pleasures of anticipation." Having, therefore, nothing much to tell members which they did not know already, his speech must be regarded as something of a feat, seeing that it exceeded the hour which another and more distressing custom lays down as necessary to uphold official dignity on such occasions. The First Lord has a unique faculty for inspiring hilarity in proportion as he professes to be serious to the point of boredom. Apart from the usual discussion of more or less technical points, the debate consisted mainly in a recapitulation of familiar arguments about the Geneva Disarmament Conference. The contortions of the Opposition on this and similar subjects in their endeavours to keep their equilibrium between pacificism and patriotism never fail to be worth studying.

Major Glyn is pursuing a course of social reform on the lines of a political Hercules. Last year he lopped a few heads off the hydra of usury. On Friday he started work on the Augean racing stables. The speech in which he moved his Betting Bill held the attention of an undecided House, but would have been more effective without his exaggerated picture of racecourses converted by the totalisator into the playgrounds of working-class families. This gave some point to Messrs. Kelly and Heyday's argument that the Bill would merely make betting easier and more attractive. It was, however, difficult to reconcile the moral issue with the contention that an unfair blow was being dealt at the bookmakers. Sir Basil Peto opened another line of attack by objecting to control of a mechanized betting system being put in the hands of bodies composed of racehorse owners and to their being responsible for the collection of the Betting Duty; but Sir Henry Cautley, as Chairman of the

1923 Committee on Betting, was well equipped with contrary arguments.

Lord Stanley was listened to with particular interest not only as his father's son, but because, as a Whip, he has been unable to speak before in this Parliament. His earnest conviction that the change would result in controlling the moral evils of betting while at the same time helping the horse-breeding industry was impressive. Mr. Crawford hardly had time to develop the interesting argument that the Bill, while legalizing the totalisator, has not this exclusive or even specific effect, and might open the door to less desirable institutions. Finally, the Chancellor of the Exchequer confessed that the Cabinet were "at sixes and sevens" on the question. The Bill would have no effect, he said, on the Exchequer, but two Customs officers whom he had sent on a tour of investigation—"Dilly and Dally seeing life," he called them—had reported in its favour. Those who upheld what he described as "the doctrine of the unclean thing" would not be shaken by argument, but personally he thought good would result from this measure of control. In the end the closest and most exciting divisions of the session showed that the balance of pros and cons only leaned very slightly towards the pros.

"At breakfast this morning," began the Prime Minister on Monday, "on taking up my *Daily Herald* my eye was caught by a headline 'Red Letter Day.' " A few hours later, on opening an evening paper to look for a report of the debate, a headline "Exhumation Disclosures" caught my eye. It did not apply to the Zinovieff letter, but was appropriate enough. At any rate the proceedings on the motion for an inquiry about this document were so enlightening that there was little left in the end for a committee to do. The Labour Party, however, are determined to nurse their grievance in the hope that what they must believe to be a very "soft" electorate will pity the poor ill-used creatures next time. Mr. MacDonald in this matter is suspected of once again leading his regiment from behind. If ever he finds his way to that home for lost politicians known in the Commons as "another place" he ought to take his seat as Duke of Plaza Toro. On Monday he was as obscure as ever. The letter, he claimed, had been dealt with as expeditiously as any Foreign Office paper ever had been (too expeditiously, it was suggested, for his taste). He had not wanted to hold the letter up for fear of its electoral effect, but he looked on its publication as a dastardly fraud. The letter was, he said, "the powder for a political explosion" ("Gregory powder," someone whispered). He did not yet know whether the document was a forgery or not. As Foreign Secretary he had treated it as genuine, but as a Labour leader it seemed to him a forgery.

All this, said the Prime Minister, was very interesting but not much to the point, because he happened to have a statement in his pocket from the man who got copies of the letter for both the Foreign Office and the *Daily Mail*. Having read this to a breathless House, the debate was as good as over. It was no use Mr. Maxton insinuating dark things about Civil Servants and Secret Agents, though some of the points he made against his own leaders were telling enough. After Mr. Saklatvala had considerably given the House an opportunity of emptying for tea, Sir Douglas Hogg battered the ruins of the Labour Party's case with his heaviest forensic guns, and then left Mr. Thomas to make what show he could of having the best of the argument.

After these excitements the report stage of Army and Air Estimates, with its rehash of last week's debates, naturally fell a little flat, but both the private

members' motions on Wednesday gave rise to exhilarating controversy. Sir Harry Brittain, with lively good humour, challenged the Labour Party to explain what Socialism meant, and, whatever the definition, to give cause why they should not be considered a danger to the country. The replies of Mr. Graham, Mr. Montague and Mr. Jack Jones revealed a surprising individualism of thought, from which the only conclusion to be drawn was that whatever each member of the party considered socially desirable was Socialism, while everything undesirable was Capitalism. Mr. Saklatvala rendered inestimable service to Conservatism by explaining that the only logical outcome of real Socialism was Communism. Captain Streatfeild's somewhat sweeping motion on Safeguarding brought Mr. Snowden into the field with one of his pungent orations and gave Mr. Kingsley-Griffith, the new Liberal member for Middlesbrough, the opportunity for a very fluent and lucid maiden speech.

FIRST CITIZEN

THE FOUNDLING: A LAST CHANCE

By D. S. MACCOLL

THE Foundling Hospital building and its open spaces are doomed to be destroyed and covered over with a pile of flats, unless at this last hour a scheme of salvage can attract to itself the necessary money. So far there has been no lack of schemes, but none of them has had any funds on which to base a further appeal. The latest project is in a better position. The trustees of the Shakespeare National Memorial Theatre have some £100,000 in their hands available for the purchase of a site, and by a resolution passed at a special meeting of the Committee it was recently decided that the Foundling site would be admirably suited for the purposes of the trust. With equal unanimity the Council of the British Drama League has backed the project.

Unluckily just when concentration was called for a diversion has taken place. The Foundling Hospital is only one of the London buildings marked for destruction, and another of them, Dorchester House, found a champion in Lady Beecham, and was put forward as an alternative host for the National Theatre, in combination with other artistic institutions. Lady Beecham's spirited efforts appear to have had substantial backing, to the tune of something between one and three hundred thousand pounds, but we may now, I think, take for granted that the full sum required has not been guaranteed and that the project has fallen through.

While there was any likelihood of that scheme being successful it was difficult to press the claims of the Foundling site, though it was also difficult to see how Dorchester House, if preserved, could furnish a suitable site for the theatre. No one can view without melancholy Mr. Holford's Italian Palace vanishing in the train of the magnificent collections it once contained. But the building, however rich and handsome, was not first-rate enough to fight for on its own account, and if Alfred Stevens's chimney-piece is preserved in some place worthy of it, we need not too much lament the loss of the other decorations. The future of Park Lane, moreover, is written in the monster pile that has taken the place of Grosvenor House, and a building of the older scale would have been an awkward survivor, over-towered, and without the elbow-room in a tide of traffic that its new uses would demand.

If I am right in assuming that the Dorchester House project is dead, and if Lady Beecham and her supporters could be induced to throw themselves into the Foundling scheme and unite with the Memorial Com-

mittee in making a public appeal, it should not be impossible to raise the full sum required. A sketch plan has been prepared, indicating the lines of construction. The existing front would be preserved; through it visitors would pass into a foyer, and beyond that would be the new theatre. In the courtyard would be ample space for parking cars, and between that and the street the precious open space remain for public enjoyment.

The scheme has another advantage: it is not incompatible with a use that had been previously suggested for the site, namely, the provision of hostels for University students. The existing wings could be converted to this purpose and other blocks added on outlying parts of the site. The new University buildings will combine with the British Museum and University College to make this the centre of London for learning, in the full range of the arts and sciences. Several things are still wanting to give a heart to the University of London, already an institution comparable in scale with the older Universities and even wider in its scope. One need is something of corporate, collegiate life, such as the hostels might supply. Another is an organ in which the literature that is lectured about should come to life; such an organ would be the Theatre. Medical students have their hospitals for clinical demonstration and practice. Shakespeare and his fellow dramatists have as good a right to demonstration as the diseases.

But not only the Universities would be enriched by this neighbourhood. All London is under a reproach so long as the theatre is left to accidents of commercial enterprise. Nor is drama the only art neglected. Music also should have its share in the new theatre, and all the more because of Handel's association with the place. The largest and richest city in the world does not at present pay for the sufficient rehearsal by a single orchestra of such music as is performed. Let anyone who is unaware of our low standard listen to a gramophone record of the Philadelphia orchestra, its timing, intonation, gradation, elasticity. Music, even more than drama, depends on being kept alive by performance, and our older English music is only beginning to rise from the dead.

I have been dealing with the question of a site, and beyond that looms the price of building and maintenance. For all that the only hope at present lies in the wealthy benefactor. Need that always be so? Is there no way in which the arts of drama and music might subsidize themselves? There is such a way, a source of wealth which at present runs to waste. Mr. Bernard Shaw long ago pointed out that if the copyright in Shakespeare's plays had been perpetually vested in his heirs, there would be by now a Duke of Shakespeare more wealthy than any of the old territorial magnates. And if that source of riches, or a part of it, had been applied to performances of the plays, Shakespeare would now be running himself and building his own theatres. Nor is there any reason because we have for three hundred years allowed this stream to run into the sands why we should not now canalize it and set it to turn the mill wheels. I have been reading a pamphlet on this subject by Mr. Gunn Gwennet,* and I recommend it to all who are in despair because there is so little hope of subsidy by way of taxation. Let the arts insensibly tax themselves, and the subsidy is secured. As Mr. Gwennet points out, under the present law the term of copyright is for the author's life and fifty years after his death. But for the last twenty-five years of the term anyone is at liberty to reprint or reproduce a copyright work on condition of paying a ten per cent. royalty to the heirs or assigns of the author. Mr. Gwennet's proposal is that the royalty, instead of lapsing, should

* Money for Art: How to Establish a National Fund for all the Arts. Simpson: 70 Sheen Road, Richmond, Surrey. Post free, 1s. 2d.

continue, and be paid into a fund for the public benefit. This could be effected by a short amendment to the existing Copyright Act, a draft of which, with a form of constitution for the administration of the Fund, is supplied by the author.

The range of possible tributaries to such a fund and of the corresponding beneficiaries is very wide. Books, reproductions of pictures, theatrical, operatic and musical performances and musical publications, films, gramophone records, would all contribute, and there is no end to the ways in which the arts might benefit, as such a fund grew from small to large.

Two publishers are said to have watched, with gloom, the growth of Tennyson's house at Aldworth. "That," said one to the other, "is what becomes of our money." It is not to be expected that any of those to whom, at present, an expired copyright means a property free for the taking should welcome a levy imposed upon that easy inheritance, and we should hear, no doubt, a good deal about the loss to the public in cheap editions and performances of non-copyright works. But as Mr. Gwennet argues, cheap editions in great numbers are published while copyright still runs and would continue if it were prolonged. And on balance, the trifle more the public would be asked to pay would be immeasurably outweighed by what it would gain from the payment.

ABBE LEMIRE

BY ERNEST DIMNET

DEPUTIES die frequently. The President of the Chamber sums up their standardized careers in a few words, the members present rise to their feet, sit down again, and never after that is the name of the deceased politician mentioned. But the disappearance of Abbé Lemire has been mentioned even in the humblest provincial newspapers and discussed by the Parisian organs as a national event, while his funeral at Hazebrouck was attended by over fifty thousand people from the remotest villages of Flanders. Famous statesmen have been known to leave the stage without rousing so much interest.

Abbé Lemire had been in the Chamber of Deputies during a continuous period of thirty-five years. He was thirty-nine at the time of his first election in 1893. He was then a purely local celebrity in the district of Hazebrouck, where he taught the classics at the Petit Séminaire and preached with equal success in French and in his native Flemish. Yet his election in an obscure constituency roused national interest.

Two years before, Pope Leo XIII had recommended the adhesion of all Catholics to the Republican constitution, thereby producing among Royalists the same commotion which the action of the present Pope against the *Action Française* recently created. Abbé Lemire, a son of the soil and very near the agricultural classes in his district, also (like most Flemings) democratically inclined, acted up to the Pope's advice. He ran against the typical monarchist of those days, Count de Frescheville, a retired general, who had passed completely unnoticed through the previous Chamber, and beat him. So there was a semi-scamandalous side to this success, and when Lemire appeared in Paris, which he had visited only a few times till then, he was eagerly interviewed. He was a man of no particular physique, with large unchiselled features, but lit up by deep grey eyes and, every now and then, illuminated by a singularly winsome smile. He had no occasion to make his mark for several years, but it appeared almost from the first that he would be popular with all his colleagues except the die-hards of those days. He, in his turn, loved the Chamber as some men love their club, and his incapacity to

view himself as apart from it was one of his foibles, for he should have realized that another field of greater importance would still have been opened to him if the luck of some election had gone against him.

It was in those early years that he organized with extraordinary success, in spite of absurd opposition in some quarters, a national league striving to secure for each workman, even in populous cities, a garden where he could spend his leisure hours away from the temptations of the "pub." Nobody doubts to-day that, perhaps without realizing it, Lemire was doing a tremendous service to society. But his Conservative colleagues refused to admit it, and when the Abbé, a few years later, tried to make night work for children illegal—I remember a little boy of six, my neighbour, who carried red-hot bottles all night in a glass works—he was accused of demagogism. It was the same when he carried on a campaign—successful at last—to make marriage formalities less absurd than they were.

A priest under Leo XIII could belong to the Left of the Chamber without doing more than recall Lacordaire. Under Pius X, things became different. Whereas French bishops, in unexpected numbers, favoured monarchist politicians, the Deputies in the Left became more and more narrowly anti-clerical, till they passed the confiscating measures which Socialists advocating nationalization of private property frequently recall to them in derision to-day. Yet Abbé Lemire remained faithful to his political position. A section of his own constituents called him a traitor, while his Conservative colleagues hit upon a taunting nickname by calling him *l'aumônier du Bloc*. An effort, unsuccessful at first, to induce Rome to forbid his running at an election finally produced an ambiguous interdiction. Lemire, with the obstinacy of his race and his own habit of always discriminating between religion and politics, stood by his guns. The result was, in 1913, an episcopal decree of suspense, which grieved him deeply, for no man had a deeper faith. However, he preferred bearing his trial rather than weeping out of it, and, for two years, submitted to being looked upon as a rebel and a reprobate.

The war came, during which Lemire, as Mayor of Hazebrouck, showed marvellous energy and organization. The British and the Belgians saw him at work. One day the Queen of the Belgians drove to Hazebrouck on purpose to thank him for what he had done for her people; a friend of Lemire, who saw in this visit a chance of getting him out of a cruel situation, managed to persuade the Queen that a letter from her to the Pope would no doubt mend matters. The letter was written. The Pope—then Benedict XV—sent for Lemire, heard his case and openly said afterwards: "This man has suffered injustice." A few days later his altar was given back to the Abbé Lemire. Thereafter he enjoyed unexpected peace, being, as he grew older and mellowed, loved by people who had been prejudiced against him, and bearing no one malice. *Le bon Abbé Lemire* was a familiar phrase. Some people cannot hear the words *bon abbé* without imagining the *bon Abbé* Constantine and smiling patronizingly in consequence. Not a few would assume this attitude with regard to Lemire till they met him. The moment they were in his presence, saw the intelligent grey eyes and heard the always Christian but always searching verdicts which the Abbé passed on the innumerable distinguished characters he had known, Halévy's conventional country priest was forgotten.

However, there was no lack of other people who, to the end, would think of the Flemish priest as a semi-Protestant, placing his own judgment above the dictates of authority, and so blinded by his prejudices that he would not see the fundamental antagonism between democracy and the Catholic Church.

It has always seemed to me that there could be no

greater injustice than to estimate this powerful individual solely by what he said and never by what he did. After thirty-five years a politician, no matter who he is, loses his novelty to friend as well as foe. Instead of fifty thousand people following his bier, Lemire would have had, like most of his colleagues, two or three thousand, if his life had not been spent doing good to all around him. This humble son of a small farmer all the time saw vast visions of social improvements, many of which he succeeded in realizing. His name is attached to thousands of foundations all over France, and in his own Flanders the schools, hospitals, orphanages, civic centres he created will make him in the popular imagination not a politician but the successor of the great medieval abbots who worked there before him.

COMMERCIAL INTERLUDE

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

I AM staying in an hotel in a Midland town, and it has turned me into a Commercial. When I arrived yesterday, that is, when I walked down the road from the station, I saw that the hotel called itself Family and Commercial, but as soon as I had spent five minutes in the place I realized that it was purely Commercial. It cannot have seen a family for twenty years. But Commercial is no idle boast. The coffee room was full of Commercial and I became one myself simply by engaging a room here. "Is there a place," I asked the maid, "where I can sit and write in the morning?" "Just the Coffee Room—for Commercial," she replied. I am still wondering what would have happened if I had said that I was not Commercial but Family. (And, after all, I can easily prove that I am more of a family man than a commercial one). Would rooms shuttered and shrouded these twenty years have been thrown open for me? Would the Boots have gone round blowing the dust from Family armchairs? The maid, however, never hesitated a moment: I was obviously a Commercial.

Her method of reasoning, I imagine, was that no man who was not a Commercial would ever dream of staying at this hotel. No doubt, too, I have the look of a bagman, one of the less prosperous kind, travelling in some antiquated line of fancy goods. (And there are times when I see myself in that melancholy part.) For the moment, then, I am a Commercial. I sleep in Number Eight, and eat, drink, smoke, read, write, in the coffee room; and I am trying to summon up courage to cry, very loudly and snappily as the others do, "Good-morning gentlemen! Good-evening, gentlemen!" I hope to bring it off once before I go. Already I am being regarded with suspicion because I mumble the greeting and leave out the "gentlemen." The other Commercial are probably asking one another what the place is coming to.

That is a question I can answer. If all the other bedrooms are like mine—and I see no reason why they shouldn't be—then the hotel is tottering into ruin. My room is reasonably clean, but that exhausts its virtues. It is as cheerful as the interior of an old trunk that has been put away in the boxroom these fifteen years. Its ancient wallpaper is faded and

stained beyond recognition as a colour or a pattern; in one corner there is plaster wandering across, like a river on a huge map; and high up the wall opposite my bed the damp seems to have crumbled away paper, plaster and all. The two windows, which look out upon the backs of warehouses but occasionally offer a glimpse of a passing tram, are draped with yellowed lace curtains and very old blue roller blinds. Last night I could not persuade the blinds to stay down, and this morning I had an even greater difficulty in cajoling them up again.

All the toilet is chipped, cracked, or broken. The jug has no spout. The soap-dish is completely severed into two halves. And there is a certain missing handle that cannot even be discussed. In the corner by the washstand is a row of coat-hooks, but most of the hooks are either leaning forward at a ridiculous angle or are not there at all, and anyhow you cannot hang your clothes over a washstand. The bed is very high and very lumpy and very cold. Climbing into it is not going to bed but to Tibet. The single electric light is in a distant corner, removed as far as possible from the bed, the washstand, the mirror. A notice informs you that "The electric light will be turned off at 11.30 p.m. Candles are placed in each bedroom," and the first statement is true. The candles, I suspect, went out with the Family. The only towel you receive is a very small face towel, and so far as I can see, any other would be useless. The Commercial apparently is supposed to take a bath whenever he returns to his distant home. This hotel sees the Commercial as a man who almost completes his dressing on first rising, shaves and washes his face and hands in the pint of warmish water brought to him, and after that does nothing but a little rinsing and dabbing with cold water and a slimy face towel.

I have never occupied a prison cell but I imagine it to be rather more cheerless than this bedroom of mine. But I defy any other kind of apartment to compete with it in desolating discomfort. The moment you arrive, it announces: "I am simply so many cubic feet of bedroom space. My little iron grate has never had a fire in it and never will have. Nobody here has ever really looked at me, given me a thought. The sooner my walls crumble away, the better." And when you return at night—and in Midland towns you return quite early—the room is even more expressive: "I'm a chill and cheerless hole," it cries at once. "Nobody has ever really lived in me. Get to sleep immediately—if you can. But listen to those trams, groaning and groaning away. Plenty of noise here, isn't there? Not a cheerful noise though. What d'you think of life, eh? Care for it much? You're a damned fool to be sober, if you ask me. Trying to read, eh? Haven't seen much of that, I must say, but it won't work. Lights out soon, you know. Cold, isn't it? You're not so young as you were, are you? Getting many orders, business good? I thought not."

Something like that, I will swear, it said to me last night, when I turned in at the early hour of ten-thirty. I had been to the local Hippodrome, where I had been saddened by

the spectacle of a fifth-rate revue, a show without a single gleam of talent or high spirits, simply so many over-worked and under-dressed girls and hoarse-voiced and perspiring men. I had had a drink downstairs in the public smoking room, where the usual semi-circle of patrons were drearily chaffing the fat barmaid. Then I tried the coffee room, joining the three Commercial who were sitting round the little fire at the far end of the room.

There was the young man in blue laboriously reading the *Daily Mirror*; the red-faced man in brown, who was yawning over a glass of stout; and the elderly bald man who sucked an empty pipe and did nothing else until the maid came in, whereupon he brightened up and addressed her as Minnie. I could see that bald man going round, year after year, to all the commercial hotels in England, calling the maid Minnie here, Gertie at Nottingham, Mabel at Leicester, Gladys at Birmingham. I filled a pipe and stared in front of me, first at the fire, then at the two monstrous engravings, 'The Jubilee Celebration in Westminster Abbey, June 21, 1887,' and 'Ramsgate Sands' (circa 1850), and, when I had tired of these, at a glass case of stuffed humming birds perched upon a gilt tree. I remember thinking how incredible it was that there really were places where such creatures, gorgeous in vermilion and sea-green and amethyst, were alive, actually flying about. (We Commercial have the oddest thoughts sometimes.) The young man in blue still pored over his *Daily Mirror*; the red-faced man produced wider and wider yawns; the elderly one sank into an apathetic pipe-sucking again; and outside the Midland trams departed noisily and lugubriously into the deeper night of the suburbs. So I went up to my room, and when I heard what it had to say, I told myself that I would never even hint a fault in commercial travellers again.

Fortunately, I had a book with me. It was Adlington's translation of 'The Golden Ass.' About eleven o'clock, when a little warmth was creeping down towards my toes, I was reading the following passage: "And so, in this sort I went to supper, and behold I found at Byrrhena's house a great company of strangers, and of the chief and principall of the city: the beds made of Citron and Ivory, were richly adorned and spred with cloath of gold, the Cups were garbished pretiously, and there were divers other things of sundry fashion, but of like estimation and price: here stood a glasse gorgeously wrought, there stood another of Christall finely painted. There stood a cup of glittering silver, and here stood another of shining gold, and here was another of amber artificially carved and made with pretious stones. Finally, there was all things that might be desired: the servitors waited orderly at the table in rich apparell, the pages arrayed in silke robes, did fill great gemmes and pearles made in forme of Cups, with excellent wine. Then one brought in Candles and torches, and when we were sat downe and placed in order we began to talke, to laugh, and to be merry. And Byrrhena spake unto me and sayd, I pray you Cousine how like you our countrey? Verily I thinke there is no other City which hath like

Temples, Baynes, and other commodities, which we have here. Further we have abundance of household stuffe, we have pleasure, we have ease, and when the Roman merchants arrive in this City they are gently and quietly entertained. . . ." An idle tale of a distant place and a long time ago, when the wolves were howling in the deep forests of these Midlands. There are no wolves now, only trams, which still go groaning to their sheds long after a Commercial's light has been extinguished.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

OBJECTIONS TO THE TOTALISATOR

SIR,—It is unfortunate that the Jockey Club did not at the outset apprehend the difficulty of applying the Totalisator for tax-collecting in this country and inform the Government that it could not countenance the idea. It is impossible to see any hope, for the vast bulk of betting is through starting-price offices away from the course. Some S.P. offices are paying honestly the present Betting Tax, others are not; nothing is easier to conceal than the record of betting. The Jockey Club requested its Committee "to inquire into the means by which betting may best be made to contribute to the maintenance of the sport." Now betting not only contributes to the sport but makes it possible. If there were no betting there would soon be no racing; anyone who pretends to the contrary either willfully deceives himself or is ignorant of the facts. A few small meetings might occur here and there; we should still hold our point-to-points; but racing as we know it would disappear. And with it would go the bloodstock studs and all the interests that that signifies. The Government does not want betting to contribute to the maintenance of the sport, but to fill a financial cavity. The sport can maintain itself if left alone.

No intelligent person questions the capacity of the Totalisator to do what is claimed for it as a machine. What is forgotten or ignored is that racing in this country is an entirely different thing from racing abroad. Those people who, for one reason or another, desire to see this tax-collecting engine erected up and down the country, base their hopes on mere assumptions.

To begin with, if the Totalisator is established on the racecourses of this country to catch the money from a betting tax, the bookmaker must be eliminated. Otherwise the greater part—especially in value—of course-betting will still be done through the bookmakers. A racing crowd in this country, unless it is a holiday mob at Aintree or Epsom, will not favour the Totalisator, and the small amounts that the booths might attract would not pay the interest on their cost or the cost of collecting. But abolishing the bookmaker officially will not help matters. Is it imagined that large betters in France use the *pari-mutuel*?

But assuming these premises are wrong, that the Totalisators are erected and that a sufficient volume of business goes through them to make the tax worth collecting, our racecourses would simply become battlefields. If anyone imagines that the roughs always to be found on racecourses are going to allow crowds to carry enormous sums in cash about at race meetings with impunity, then they know little of the racing world.

Even if there were no other reason against the

Totalisator idea, this appears to be precisely the point where the whole thing stops. The Totalisator means ready cash. Betting owners and professional backers would either continue to bet on credit with bookmakers or, if these are eventually prohibited, they would bet among themselves or drop out and take their money abroad to the tables, as many have done, because of the existing Betting Tax. Surely the most comic of all the suggestions is that cash would be unnecessary. Again, to quote the article referred to, it would be avoided "by making a cash deposit or arranging credit facilities with the company or race club which holds the Totalisator." If a regular race-goer attends even half-a-hundred different meetings in a year—sometimes there are that number in one month alone—and refuses to take the risk of carting thousands of pounds about the country, then he must, failing one central authority, arrange credits with each of these executives! It means that or it means nothing. And how such a credit could be arranged in a workable fashion even with a central body we are not told.

Racing in this country is an industry that has very deep roots and, with all its ramifications, it is something to which drastic changes made in a mistaken patriotic endeavour to assist a Government to raise money might quite easily prove fatal. To begin with, it is almost certain that at once the smaller meetings would begin to disappear. What else could they do when authority came along and said: "You must erect a Totalisator"? They probably would not, with their existing funds, be in a position to produce the money to do so. At the best they would have to face the interest on the outlay. Apart from the thousands that the apparatus costs, no racecourse in this country is laid out for the Totalisator. It is difficult to conceive a committee of management of any race-meeting risking the burden, for the simple reason that they know that this mechanical method of betting might not appeal, and so far from being an added attraction it might keep people away. Any large bookmaker will tell you that at a meeting his average of cash transactions is a trifling percentage of all his bets, and in any case no man habitually betting in large sums is going to stuff his money into a window and then wait until after the race without knowing whether he is taking or laying odds. Half the sport and all the business is "getting a price" in the ring. In France, certainly, they do from time to time exhibit figures to show how the betting is moving—but although that may amuse a holiday crowd in that country it is merely a waste of energy. The Totalisator is so called because it deals with the total of the money speculated on the horses in a given race. The amount of money on each horse in relation to the amount of money on every other horse regulates the odds. It cannot operate until the booths are closed and the calculations made. Like Lord Newton's Ready Money Betting Bill, there are other and intelligent methods of getting money out of racing, i.e., bookmakers and punters. But the present tax on turnover is too elusive; the dishonest do not pay, and it does not require a knowledge of higher mathematics to realize that the capital of the honest man, win or lose, is bound, in time, to be swallowed up by the Tax.

I am, etc.,

JOHN RESSICH

¶ *Winners of the Acrostic Competitions are reminded that (a) books mentioned only in 'New Books at a Glance' and (b) books published by firms other than those whose names appear on the coupon are not available as prizes.*

¶ *Competitors in both the Literary and Acrostic Competitions are again reminded that solutions which arrive later than the time stated in the rules are automatically disqualified.*

THE ONE-MAN SHOP

SIR,—Your article brings out very clearly the attitude of Government in legislation to the trader on the one hand and the consumer on the other, and shows it clearly thinking of the trader's interest only and ignoring the consumer's interest. I have long ago seen this attitude in the daily Press. The point of view and interest expressed is always that of a trade, and not really of the consumer whom it is supposed to serve. I mean, whenever a commodity is being discussed in the Press, the point of view and interest of the trader is clearly brought out and expressed, not that of the consumer. This may be because the trade provides the propaganda and the consumer does not; but that the common government should take up such an attitude is surely to forget for whom it governs. I remember, as a fairly young man, being taken rather aback by the reason why King Edward would not put off, till the very last moment, his Coronation procession through London: because he did not want the traders to lose so much money spent on the decoration of their houses on the route. And it seems to me that His Majesty's support of that attitude to trade then and afterwards has become a part of the public attitude towards it since. But a halt ought surely to be called in these post-war days to that trend of things. Accustomed to control in the war-time for the purpose of facilitating distribution, but allowed to charge any prices whatever as a reward for its co-operation with the Government, each trade now combines for the purpose of its prices and its general trade interests; with the result that the mere consumer's interests are swamped. And now the Government openly takes up the attitude of expressing the traders' views in legislation—big traders, be it observed. But there is still the ballot.

I am, etc.,

"OBSERVER"

SIR,—Your article, 'The One-Man Shop,' sums up the position thoroughly. The outcome of the Park Goff Bill will only strengthen D.O.R.A.'s stranglehold on the nation. Personal freedom is surely decaying; its death is growing imminent. D.O.R.A. and then the Licensing Act, 1921, were two too successful attacks on our liberty. Now and then there is a flutter of life in this personal freedom of ours; the D.O.R.A. Committee, the Shops Bill, the Racecourse Betting Bill and the Hire Purchase Bill are all symptoms that there is still a breath of freedom left. It is all the more pitiable, then, to see these struggles maltreated and mishandled and made abortive by Parliament, who should cherish and encourage the personal freedom which is our heritage.

I am, etc.,

H. W. THOMAS

Westgate, Sudbury, Middlesex

SCHOOL PICTURES

SIR,—I was pleased to see the letter from Mr. W. Giles, President of the Society of Graver-Printers, in your issue of March 17, and by the time your next issue appears I hope to have visited the exhibition at 18 Cork Street, Burlington Gardens (Bromhead Art Gallery). But the question on which I am engaged is how to obtain such exhibitions in suburban localities apart from schools? Children should be provided with art as a pleasure, not as a "school" subject.

As I wrote in another London journal, art for

children should have separate temples of its own. Art must come near home.

I am, etc.,

EDWARD URWICK

11 Old Deer Park Gardens, Richmond

THE MEANING OF WORDS

SIR,—We all know that good dictionaries give definitions which must, in the main, be accepted without cavil. Yet we are generally aware that when A describes to B a picture, a woman, or anything else which might be mentioned, it is but seldom that they both have the same conception. It would seem as if the only definitions which cannot be challenged are geometrical ones. Everyone knows what a cube, a square, a cylinder, or a sphere is, but who can describe such a thing as beauty of form, of sound, colour, and so on?

When it comes to defining or describing what is repellent in any way, the least articulate person can do it, and the why and the wherefore of this difference would be interesting.

One might tentatively say that whereas there is a consensus of opinion as to the repulsive—there is none whatever as to what constitutes beauty. It is true that all the impressions we receive are coloured by temperament, but that explains nothing.

I am, etc.,

St. George's Court, S.W.7 EDYTH M. BUTES

THE LIBERAL PARTY "SLIP"

SIR,—Thirty years since an influential Liberal journalist said that the Liberal Party then wanted counsel and help in the choice of causes on which to concentrate rather than in the further manufacture of programmes—an industry which had been overdone. It has been well said that the British Constitution is the envy of every other country because it is an unwritten constitution. Any political party in Britain possessing any claim to be a national party has always been without a written constitution. But the tendency to produce programmes has become powerful and insistent (largely because of the growth of materialism in politics) and Liberals have anticipated the Socialists in framing and presenting to the country a programme for industrial reorganization and supervision. The Liberal Party has thereby slipped its old moorings. It has succumbed to the demand for more corporate control upon and restriction of private individual right. In its eagerness for revenge for what followed its blunder of 1923 in putting the Socialists in office it has become merely another Socialist Party competing with Mr. MacDonald and his supporters for popular favour. It is now a party with a written constitution. The party that once shared with Conservatism the task of protecting individualism and private enterprise has yielded to the pressure of other ideas; and its share in that task has passed wholly into the hands of Conservatives.

Looking at the tremendous administrative responsibilities laid upon the Government of this country, our great aim ought to be to allay internal strife in every direction, and to compose our differences and difficulties with resort to as little legislation as possible. In any view it is a scandal and a shame to tell our less-instructed fellow-countrymen that we know of a certain short cut or royal road to a new heaven and a new earth. Yet what else are Socialists and Liberals preaching in their programmes of industrial reorganization? A divine discontent is unselfish; but the devilish discontent that is born of cupidity is a disturbing and demoralizing thing which injures the individual and society simultaneously.

I am, etc.,

Oakleigh, Boswall Road, J. LESLIE MACCULLUM
Edinburgh

THE THEATRE MERCHANDISE MARKS

BY IVOR BROWN

Two Noble Kinsmen. By William Shakespeare and John Fletcher. *The Old Vic.*
Shakespeare, Jonson, and Wilkins as Borrowers. By Percy Allen, Cecil Palmer. 7s. 6d.

IF the 'Two Noble Kinsmen' does indeed contain anything of Shakespeare's, it must have been written some twenty years before one Cotes printed a poor quarto in 1634 and inscribed upon the frontispiece:

Written by the memorable { Mr. John Fletcher, and }
worthies of their time { Mr. William Shakespeare } Gent.

Such an inscription, when matched against the negative verdict of Heminge and Condell, is almost valueless, but it is good enough for the Bardolaters at the Old Vic. who believe that anything which may have been touched by Shakespeare should find at least an occasional place in their repertory. The Old Vic. company once plodded through all the canonical plays of the First Folio with the result that, in the opinion of many, they acted quite a deal of inferior stuff by other authors. Meanwhile they omit to act good Marlowe and good Jonson, and inflict on us such a piece as 'The Two Noble Kinsmen' simply because the printer has clapped Shakespeare's name along with Fletcher's on the title-page. This is nominalism indeed, but, as usual, name-worship turns out to be a cruel kind of compliment. For if Shakespeare did contribute much to this play, the less Shakespeare he. If he did not, then there is not even the nominalist's plea of piety to justify the cost and labour of production. The fact that the piece appears to have been left unacted since its birth is evidence of wisdom rather than of negligence among actors of the past.

In and around the drama of this period there rages a popular game entitled "Hunt the hidden hand." It is a pastime of scholars to which there is no possible end because there is, and can be, no accepted standard of evidence. Each player determines for himself what are the merchandise marks of the various dramatists and then goes in quest of them in the other men's texts. That, in itself, seems a sufficiently futile undertaking, but the hopelessness of the whole business is still further demonstrated when we consider the plea of Mr. Percy Allen that the dramatists were continually cribbing. That may be true enough, but its truth makes any settlement of the authorship problems more remote than ever. For instance, if we find in a certain piece a passage which smacks of Shakespeare the first commentator will say that here is Bill's mark while the other will simply retort that Tom or George was cribbing again. Mr. Percy Allen has, I think, become dangerously intoxicated by his vision of the Bankside as a thieves' kitchen. It is true that a certain communism prevailed with regard to literary merchandise and that Jonson thought highly of imitation as an aid to authorship. But when Mr. Allen starts to expose the stolen goods, his sense of evidence becomes fantastic. After all, the store of English words, like the store of metaphors and even of ideas, is limited and all minds do occasionally think alike without either the purpose or the performance of mental larceny.

The truth of the matter is that the pursuit of the merchandise mark in conceits of thought or convolutions of style is an utter waste of time. Let us turn to Act I of 'Two Noble Kinsmen,' in which some of the scholars have detected the mark of Shakespeare. We know that Shakespeare's mind grew to work too quickly for his pen, with the result that his later plays have many passages of crabbed writing with similes

begun only to be dropped and metaphors intemperately mixed in the fiery crucible of the poet's all too active fancy. Accordingly many passages of the last plays are difficult to follow even at a slow reading and seem like gibberish when rapidly spoken on the stage. When the noble kinsmen first appear, Palamon explains the situation in Thebes in the following words. (I use the 1634 Quarto):

What strange ruins.
Since first we went to Schoole, may we perceive
Walking in Thebes? Skars, and bare weedes
The gaine o' the Martialist, who did propound
To his bold ends, honour, and golden Ingots,
Which though he won, he had not, and now flurled
By peace for whom he fought. Who then shall offer
To Marsis so scorn'd Altar?

Now there are passages in 'A Winter's Tale' which are as gnarled as that. Does that prove that Shakespeare wrote in some passages for Palamon or that Fletcher was under the influence of Shakespeare, or that both were under the influence of sack? The answer is the properly Shakespearean one of 'As You Like It or What You Will.' Give me time enough and I can prove by duly professorial methods of detection that any play you choose to mention was written by Francis Bacon, Sam Rowley, John Webster, old Nuncle George Wilkins and all.

But there is one test. There was one prepotent hand. We do not discover that hand by counting syllables or rummaging in the 'Concordance' for verbal parallels. We know its majesty directly, as we know the puissance of a personality on the stage or platform. One's sense of it is immediate and abides no calculation. Will Shakespeare, his mark, is not all over the First Folio. But its absence is no proof that he cannot have written that which lacks it. He was a hard worker and had to go on when the virtue had gone out of him. But this prepotency of phrase and image is a positive mark. Where that power is, there is Shakespeare. Where it is not, there is—well, who cares? Shakespeare-out-of-form among the others. The mark is not in 'Two Noble Kinsmen.' There are in this play some lines which Shakespeare may have written when tired, a wraith of Ophelia, and some of that mockery of rustics which always delights the town, be it the London of 'Love's Labour Lost' or of 'Yellow Sands.' There is also in it one masterpiece of bathos. When the two kinsmen are in deadly combat for the hand of Emilia (off-stage) a servant announces:

The combat's consummation is proclaim'd
By the wind instruments.

Incidentally, while on this question of authorship, I find in an allusion to modern notions of dietetics and pyorrhœa a complete proof that Fletcher was collaborating with the New Health Society or kindred bodies. Says the gaoler's daughter (Act III, Sc. v):

Friend, you must eat no white bread, if you doe
Your teeth will bleede extreemely.

A stage direction or 'ering "musick records" to play is also, I think, remarkably suspicious.

Mr. John Garside did much for the play with his Chaucerian decoration; the names are Greek but the matter is romantic and the mode of decoration should be that of the missal. On the other hand the Old Vic. company does not seem plastic when some difficulties of casting are about. Miss Jean Forbes Robertson played the Ophelian ghost with an exquisite piteousness, but Miss Barbara Everest could only wander amiably through the part of the much-desired Emilia. Mr. Eric Portman was a capable Arcite but Mr. Ernest Milton, even in an auburn wig, was not my idea of Palamon. If, however, it is held that the twice-knightly heroics of the play can be administered with judicious levity, the absurdities of a medieval Thebes being mitigated by a pinch of Attic salt, then Mr. Milton should have been given greater freedom to play for the laugh and turn the joust into a joke.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—108

SET BY T. EARLE WELBY

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a terse rhymed epitaph on a window-cleaner.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a brief conversation, in the only conceivable setting, between Ananias and George Washington.

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 108A, or LITERARY 108a).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, April 2, 1928. The results will be announced in the issue of April 7.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 106

SET BY GERALD BARRY

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the most appropriate sets of quotations to be used as Valentines to the following people (References must be given): The Prime Minister; Dean Inge; The "Flapper" Voters; The Poet Laureate; Sir A. Conan Doyle; Mussolini; The B.B.C.; The Liberal Party. Examples: The House of Commons: "You maim'd the jurisdiction of all Bishops" (Henry VIII, 3, ii). The Poet Laureate: What has the Calendar to do with poets? (J. R. Lowell: to Holmes).

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a composition, of not fewer than 150 words and not more than 200, made up of sentences extracted from this issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW. Not more than two consecutive sentences, and not more than four sentences altogether, may be taken from any one item, and no connecting words may be used. References must be given in each instance.

REPORT FROM MR. BARRY

106A. The difficulty with this competition has been that whereas dozens of entries contained three or four good Valentines, none contained eight. Using the best from each it would be easy to construct a first-class set, well above the level even of the prize-winners. Too many people were content with the obvious. More than twenty, for example, thought "Hence, loathed Melancholy," good enough for Dean Inge. All these were discarded as a beginning. Some of the best suggestions were called forth by the "Flapper Voters," and it was noticeable that in this instance competitors were severely partisan. Apmar's

Pooh! You speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.

—Hamlet I, iii.

was countered by James Hall's

From fairest creatures we desire increase.

—Shakespeare's Sonnets I.

T. E. Casson was happy with: "I can find out no rhyme to lady but baby—an innocent rhyme" ('Much

Ado,' V, ii), and M. R. Williamson was non-committal with the familiar extract from 'L'Allegro':

Ladies whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize.

The same competitor drew on Thomas Ellwood's comment to Milton for his Valentine for Dean Inge: "Thou hast said much here of Paradise Lost, but what hast thou to say of Paradise Found?" This entrant came near to a prize. James Hall's Valentine for the Dean also had bite; but neither these nor any other competitor equalled the neatness and originality of J. B.'s quotation, which helped to win him the first prize. After the Flappers and the Dean, the B.B.C. provided most spice. F. J. Bradley's

A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee.

—Lander: 'Rose Aymer.'

sounds as though it came from the heart; but this was surpassed by H. Bowie, who culled these unflattering lines from 'The Tempest':

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will come about my ears and sometimes voices,
That if I then had waked after long sleep
I cried to dream again.

Hardly less good was W. G. with this, from 'Hamlet': "Let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them." Although J. B.'s list is not consistently apt, there is no question that it deserves first prize, both for wit and width of range. To award the second prize has been anything but easy. Ultimately it proved a close thing between Rex and Bébé, Bébé winning by a short head though her first and last Valentines are poor.

FIRST PRIZE

MR. BALDWIN: "O fumose puer, nimium ne crede Baconi."—Calverley: 'Verses and Translations' (Carmen Sæculare).

DEAN INGE:

"Him of the Western Dome, whose weighty sense
Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence."
—Absalom and Achitophel, part 1, line 645.

FLAPPER VOTERS:

ἄλινον, ἄλινον εἶπέ, τὸ δ' εὖ νικάτω.

—Agamemnon, line 121.

THE LAUREATE: "I pipe but as the linnets sing."—*In Memoriam*, xxi.

CONAN DOYLE: "I can call spirits from the vasty deep."—Henry IV, I, iii.

MUSSOLINI: "I am Sir Oracle, and when I speak let no dog bark."—Hamlet, V, i.

B.B.C.: "Vox et præterea nihil."

LIBERAL PARTY: "The tender grace of a day that is dead will never come back to me."—Tennyson, 'Break, break.'

SECOND PRIZE

THE PRIME MINISTER: "No enlightened and patriotic person wants the Government to fall."—Arnold Bennett, 'The Title.'

DEAN INGE: "Humility may clothe an English dean."—W. Cowper, 'Truth,' l. 118.

THE FLAPPER VOTERS: "There is a tide in the affairs of women which, taken at the flood, leads—God knows where."—Don Juan, Canto VI, st. ii.

THE POET LAUREATE: "He that works and does some Poem, not he that merely says one, is worthy of the name of Poet."—Carlyle, 'Cromwell's Letters and Speeches,' Intro.

SIR A. CONAN DOYLE: "... I don't know, can't be sure. But there was something in it, tricks and all!"—R. Browning, 'Mr. Sludge: "the Medium,"'

MUSSOLINI: "Man, proud man, drest in a little brief authority."—Shakespeare, 'Measure for Measure,' II, ii.

THE B.B.C.: "Go, clear thy crystals."—Shakespeare, 'King Henry V,' II, iii.

THE LIBERAL PARTY: "I say that a party with great aims like these must stick ez close ez a hive full o' bees."—J. R. Lowell, 'The Biglow Papers,' No. 2.

Bébé

106B. Much ingenuity has gone to the concoction of these entries, but not enough wit. The subject, I admit, was difficult; having set it I tried my own hand, with results that did not encourage me. It

was comparatively simple to assemble a set of sentences that had a sort of mad relevance, but difficult to make them amusing. What I had hoped for was something of the "What, no soap? So he died" kind of thing. I did not get it. Lester Ralph displayed signs of immense industry in extracting references to violence, the effect of which was to produce a most lurid paragraph. The worst of the entries were so constructed that they lacked the appearance of continuity; even some of the best did not succeed in conveying an illusion of unity or purpose. Charles G. Box began by asking "What has become of the Senefelder Club?" and concluded with the declaration that "The result will be announced in the SATURDAY REVIEW for March 24." Atlas, who headed his effort 'New Fiction. The Foreign Office Scandal. By J. B. Priestley,' began well but failed to stay the course. P. R. Bennett, on the other hand, ended better than he began with: "Any general reader who does force his way through this formidable zereba of references will find the story alive with suggestions." Bébé voiced a truth when, beginning "What is a bombshell? I do not know. More evidence is required," she went on to note that "A favourable beginning is not in itself sufficient." "In two minutes," she concludes, "everybody was laughing." But I was not, for one. In the end I was left with a round dozen, all of which, for one reason or another, deserve commendation. These were: Janhope (runner-up), F. E. Ringland, Jas. J. Nevin, Athos, E. M. H., H. C. M., James Hall, G. M. Graham, Purple, and Herbert K. The first prize goes to George Cuff, and the second to Sandys Wason. Both are amusing, well-knit and superficially not too improbable.

FIRST PRIZE

Mr. Belloc recently confessed in these columns that he had never really read Pepys.¹ It may be so or it may not.² I certainly think it is possible.³ But, if it is so, one certain benefit will ensue.⁴ In that event it would be a case for a full judicial inquiry, with evidence taken on oath and power to compel the attendance of witnesses.⁵ Those who are interested in clearing up the still unsolved mysteries will look eagerly for new evidence and new clues. They will be disappointed, though not completely.⁶ Given a prodigal genius, he might have done it, but his genius was of that kind which required leisure and a very careful choice of opportunities if it was to do itself justice.⁷ Let us be thankful that, in the raw daylight of modern scepticism, he can still satisfy it at once so simply and so respectfully.⁸ And even this remains a subject for perpetual jest.⁹

¹ Results of Competition 104, page 287. ² The Frivolous Circle, page 282. ³ Rural Problems, page 280. ⁴ The Frivolous Circle, page 282. ⁵ Notes of the Week, page 273. ⁶ Russian Policies, page 291. ⁷ Back Numbers, page 289. ⁸ Here Also There Are Gods, page 277. ⁹ The Frivolous Circle, page 282.

GEORGE CUFF

SECOND PRIZE

He was a hard-headed and opinionated man, quarrelsome and litigious, obstinate and of a serious temperament, into which humour and high spirits rarely entered.¹

No wonder he was so popular in Paris, where he numbered among his most enthusiastic admirers the Guityrs themselves.²

In 1886 he found a safe seat at Southport, the fashionable suburb of Liverpool, which he continued to represent until he left for India in 1898.³

His travelling had made him ill, but after a spell in the rabbit-hutch behind the garage (they put up a sign there: "Hospital! Do not scream or talk loud"), where he was nursed by a pair of white rabbits, he soon recovered his former tone, and a very fine tone it was.⁴

After that there was aphasia, and the asylum, with the master of language reduced to repetition of a single expletive, but still able to indicate in the asylum garden, by expression and gesture, what he thought of the flowers of innocence.⁵

SANDYS WASON

¹ A Father of Music, page 287. ² Little Tich, page 283. ³ Lord Curzon's First Phase, page 280. ⁴ Secrets For All, page 283. ⁵ The Baudelaire Enigma, page 292.

BACK NUMBERS—LXV

SO austere was the SATURDAY in 1865 that it did not condescend to notice 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.' However, in subsequent years, it reviewed, among other works by Lewis Carroll, all the later publications and his biography. It did not help to make him a classic of the nursery, but in due course it accepted him as such. Yet, when he was fully established, it continued to exercise its right of criticism. With opportunities enough, for the dregs of Lewis Carroll were sorry stuff.

Lewis Carroll, as it seems to me, was the author of the Alice books and of the delicious 'Hunting of the Snark,' and of little else that need concern us in a world full of books that urgently demand attention. I have never read his biography; I know little of the man beyond the few anecdotes known to everyone; but I see his career as one of decline. "From ourselves we pass away," A. E. has lamented in a beautiful, characteristic poem: Lewis Carroll passed away from himself, and it is amusing to think, with Max, that the process, inverted, was one described by an Oxford contemporary so different as Walter Pater.

Pater's Prior Saint-Jean, author of an uncompleted treatise on mathematics, developed fantastically. "Whereas in the earlier volumes you found by way of illustration no more than the simplest indispensable diagrams, the scribe's hand had strayed here into mazy borders, long spaces of hieroglyph, and as it were veritable pictures of the theoretic elements of his subject. Soft wintry auroras seemed to play behind whole pages of crabbed textual writing, line and figure bending, breathing, flaming into lovely 'arrangements' that were like music made visible." Lewis Carroll began in a world in which mathematics and fantasy were reconciled; he ended in one in which, so far as I have been able to explore it, mathematics and morality triumphed over fantasy.

There are those, my betters, who can write of the Alice books with that warmth of heart which, after all, is the condition of the finest criticism: myself, I cannot. For me, the case of Lewis Carroll is rather like the case of Gilbert. Heaven knows, I have no competence in matters of music, but it does seem to me that three-fourths of the effect of the operas is due to Sullivan. I do not mean merely that the music is finer than the words; what I have in mind is that the peculiar mocking quality of the words, in the operas, is other than the words would have when simply read in a volume, and is due to the contrast between the poetic spirit of the music and the hard, narrow, prosaic wit of the words. Think, for an example out of many, of the contrast between 'Oh, Captain Shaw' and the music to which that jibing is set!

Now Lewis Carroll had as his one and only illustrator, for all successors are out of court, Sir John Tenniel. That Tenniel's drawing, as drawing, is a delight I should be the last to contend; he was a great cartoonist rather than a delightful draughtsman. But he fixed Alice and all the other characters so firmly that there was no alternative left to the reader's imagination, and he did it with uncommonly little assistance from the text. It was, in its small way, a very remarkable achievement. On the face of things, Lewis Carroll should have had an illustrator far more given to fantasy, a tender-hearted dreamer; but, given such an illustrator, the fantasy would have

drifted, lost all definition, become utterly vague. Tenniel gave solidity, a sort of preposterous plausibility, to all those creatures of a mathematician's imaginative holiday.

All this is blasphemy, never to be forgiven by those who worship at the shrine of Lewis Carroll. But I too am of the faithful, in that I adore 'The Hunting of the Snark.' As there were strong men before Agamemnon, there were writers of nonsense verse before Lewis Carroll, and I chafe when I think that there is not anywhere a statue to O'Keefe, who produced that masterpiece, 'Amo, amas,' with its total absence of meaning and its irresistible appeal to the ear. There have been good writers of nonsense since: some day, when people have done praising the fine serious sonnets of Lord Alfred Douglas, they will recognize in him an extraordinary talent for sophisticated nonsense, for verse in which the rational intelligence has had no part, and which is pure nonsense as the best of Shelley is pure poetry. But give me 'The Hunting of the Snark.'

That it, and, for that matter, the Alice books, really mean much to children I take leave to doubt. Children, when not playing up to their elders, like a looser logic and less finished execution, and are not alive to the contrast of matter and manner. But the same thing may be said of most books and plays ostensibly addressed to children. It is the books originally intended for adults which, when a little adapted, chiefly delight children, as witness 'The Arabian Nights,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Gulliver's Travels.' What we commonly call children's books are far more valued by "the elders whose hair has uncurled." Mark Pattison said that an appreciation of Milton is the reward of culture. Well, it is when one has sighed, with Mallarmé, that the flesh is sad and that all the books are read, it is then that one collapses gratefully on to books professedly meant for children. My own latest reading of 'The Hunting of the Snark' was immediately after reading, twice, in the one sleepless night, 'Antony and Cleopatra'; the relish would have been still keener if I had taken Proust or that American of whom a woman told me during the chill orgy of a literary dinner as a preliminary.

And here we are entered upon a subject which, so far as I can remember, has never received due attention: what books gain or lose by being read after certain other books. There are masterpieces which seem, in my experience, to be totally unaffected by what one has been reading before; there are others which gain immensely when taken up as a change after very different literary diet. Balzac can be fully appreciated only when it is a case of the fifth or sixth volume read in unbroken succession. He is the only preparation for himself, and should be read, not occasionally, by odd volumes, but in great debauches, after which, for a while, all other fiction will seem thin and tepid. De Quincey should be read very rarely, never after Landor or Pater. Hazlitt, a great companion, seems hard and a little sinister if taken immediately after Lamb. But nonsense, Lewis Carroll's especially, is infinitely refreshing after psycho-analytical literature. And yet, and yet, is there not something a little too tight, too constrained by logic, in Lewis Carroll for the perfect freedom craved by the nonsense-loving mind? Is there not something more spacious in the world created by Lear? On a day in the near future I propose to read Mr. James Joyce, simply in order to enjoy the escape into Lear or Lewis Carroll.

STET.

REVIEWS

MEN AND ANTS

BY EDWARD SHANKS

The Social World of the Ants. By Auguste Forel. Putnam. 2 vols. 3 guineas.

THE ant has for long fascinated the minds of those who like to think that the fantastic may come true. I am not sure that I should reckon the translator of this work, Mr. C. K. Ogden, among these, but he expresses the forms their imaginings take well enough when he speaks of "man's curiosity as to his potential executors." Mr. Wells, in a short story, has suggested that the ant civilization of the South American forests might flower into a race with knowledge of tools and writing, which would be a deadly menace to mankind. (Some new colour is lent to this by M. Forel's statement that the life of the giant ants which inhabit the tree-tops in the Amazon district is still unknown to us.) Another writer, whose name I unfortunately forget, devoted an entire novel to describing the appearance of a race of ants equipped with airships and other warlike devices which enabled them to gain an easy victory over us poor humans. They were represented as being far beyond the limits of size which it is possible for an insect to attain, but the author was one of the many who are inclined to think that there is nothing impossible to the ant.

M. Forel, of course, indulges in no such visions. He does not even think, like Solomon, that the ant is an example for us to follow. He is, however, a devoted admirer of the ant and feels constrained to make excuses for it, even when he has to condemn its practices. Thus, though he admits that the ant is every bit as warlike and cruel as we are, he points out that we have had many advantages which it has not, and that we ought to know better.

Mr. Ogden, in his introduction, refers to "the occasional intrusion of the author's political enthusiasms," which is indeed among the most characteristic elements of the book. For M. Forel turns aside on innumerable occasions to declaim, as in this passage, which follows an account of slave-making ants, lessons which may be of use to his own kind:

Ponder well, friend reader, the contents of the present Part, and extract from it for your own advantage a sound and lasting gospel of peace for the unfortunate human race, still distracted by an unnatural hatred, as hypocritical as it is conscienceless, of our fellowmen of different nations and peoples. Say to yourself: "All this must cease; it is crazy beyond all endurance." We must set up a universal human system of parabiosis or alliance, to replace our antique slavery, our collective leishmaniasis, our social cleptobiosis, our fraternal wars, by one well-organised and well-co-ordinated polycalic formicary extending throughout the world. Learn from the universal religion of the Persian Bahais. "Where there is a will there is a way." Shout this from the house-tops to the League of Nations at Geneva, ere it is too late!

And it is no use saying to M. Forel, "*Que Messieurs les Fourmis commencent*," because he tells us frankly that he expects more from us than from them.

It might, perhaps, be thought that appeals to Bahaism and the League of Nations were somewhat out of place in a work on ants. They do not seem so here, however, because they so well reflect the spirit of the author who is something more than an entomologist without ceasing to be a great entomologist.

The book gives one something more than information about the ant: it tells one also about M. Forel, to whom these insects have been a passion and a joy ever since, as a child of eight, he began to watch them in the garden of his father's house on the shores of Lake Geneva and to wonder what on earth they were doing.

Moreover, his constant references to human affairs bring out and emphasize what I think may fairly be called his anthropomorphic method of interpreting the phenomena he describes. I must speak carefully here, because it is easy to be misleading and because the anthropomorphic attitude in myrmecology has recently come in for a great deal of condemnation. We are told that it is not merely wrong but even ridiculous to speak of the activities of ants in terms which so much as suggest an analogy with human activities. We must describe them as if they were automata and we must think of them as organisms responding involuntarily and unconsciously to certain physical stimuli.

I do not deny that the use of human parallels has its disadvantages. Even with the most careful reservations, it tends to assume what is not proved and even to suggest what is not meant. It has this effect on the mind of the user himself; what effect, then, on the mind of the less-instructed reader? There is an interesting example of this in the description of certain ants as slave-making, which M. Forel himself defends. Huber, the great founder of the science, would not have it, declaring that there are no slaves, only auxiliaries. M. Forel, however, says:

Ants which are stolen in their nymph-stage are not conscious in any way of being slaves, and work by hereditary instinct. In this sense, Huber is right. But this makes them still less like auxiliaries or voluntary servants; they are "unconscious slaves," something like the children born in America of former negro slaves, but they do not think about the fact as some of the negroes were afterwards capable of doing. Hence I will retain the word "slave," though these slaves are just as much the masters of their mixed formicary as the species which stole them in their infancy.

Now the so-called "slave-making" ant—save in one doubtful and obscure instance—carries off nothing but nymphs and larvæ, creatures, that is, which do not come to life until after they are in the strange nest. M. Forel says that when they grow up and begin work they are just as much masters of the mixed formicary as the raiders: it would, I think, be more exact to say that they all, raiders and prey alike, are the slaves of the formicary, for it is really only in this figurative sense that we can speak of slavery among the ants. Slavery among human beings implies several things. It implies the forcing of one set of beings to work for the benefit of another. But though an "enslaved" worker does labour for the non-productive classes of the nest into which it is introduced, it does no more than do the "free" native workers and leads no different life. It also implies the giving of orders which can be enforced, if necessary, by some sort of violence. And here, I think, resides the danger of this particular parallel. For we know nothing which leads us to believe that any ant ever gives an order to another ant. But, when we use the term "slavery," we implicitly and unconsciously assume the giving of orders and we begin to form a misleading anthropomorphic picture of the life of the ant. We should rather recognize that the "slave-making" raids and the social organization which results from them are things not to be explained by any element in the nature of man.

This does not, however, mean that we can never interpret the actions of the ants in the light of our own natures. M. Forel carefully preserves himself from seeming to suppose that the ant is a reasoning creature comparable to ourselves. There may be some form of antennal "speech," but it must be limited to a very few and simple signs. It has been frequently

observed that expeditions in search, whether of victims or of food, halt for a time, while scouts are sent ahead. When the scouts return, the army either proceeds or else returns to its own nest. This seems to point unmistakably to some form of communication and therefore to some sort of free use of a reasoning faculty.

We may claim so much, and M. Forel does, without proceeding to baseless fantasies in which the formicary is a consciously organized polity like the modern state. No observation has ever revealed anything to suggest the leadership of one ant among other ants. (It might be remarked, however, that a being standing to us as we stand to the ants might be hard put to it to recognize the pre-eminence of, say, Signor Mussolini among the Italians, let alone that of Mr. Baldwin among the English.) This leads one to suppose that all but an infinitesimal part of the communal life of the formicary is directed by instinct. It is an unsatisfactory and question-begging word. M. Forel explains it as meaning the experience of the race stored in hereditary memory, and this is, perhaps, as far as we are likely to get. But, while ascribing ninety-nine per cent. of the activities of the ant to instinct, he claims the remaining one per cent. for the use of free reason.

Now the ant, much as we know it now, has probably existed for some millions of years—at any rate, long enough for tiny scraps of invention, occurring at immensely long intervals, to build up the complicated social organization which M. Forel describes. Humanity spent a long time between the invention of the wheel and the invention of the motor-car, but the ant has had much longer than that to proceed from growing its mushrooms by accident to growing them, as some species undoubtedly now do, by deliberate planting and care. After all, the really great inventions of the human race, the wheel, fire, agriculture, must have been made in the same anonymous, half-unconscious way. The delusion against which we must guard ourselves is that, since the ant's development has followed a course comparable with our own, it is still developing as we are and may proceed at any moment to gunpowder, the printing-press and electric trams. The ant in its evolution seems to have reached a condition of equilibrium and, though some species here and there are perceptibly degenerating, there is no reason to suppose that any is advancing. Perhaps in its early stages the ant advanced as rapidly as we are doing now. Perhaps in the fullness of time we too shall reach a condition of equilibrium, in which we shall have attained as great a mastery over the forces of nature as our qualities enable us to do. But the often expressed belief that we are approaching the state of the ant is no less a delusion than the belief that the ant may be approaching ours. We are not likely to be able to make much either of the ant or of humanity, unless we begin with the firm premise that men are men and ants are ants, different creatures with different avenues of development. And, though we have the greater mastery over the forces of nature (except for the fact that we are as helpless against the microbe as the ant is against us) it is impossible to say which of us has succeeded the better in a world which was undoubtedly made for both of us. The only discernible end of effort on the part of living beings is, of course, happiness, interpreted in whatever sense, spiritual or physical, that you are pleased to choose. But who knows what makes an ant happy?

M. Forel, it seems to me, steers a just course between the view which sees ants as much smaller men who got there first and the other which would see them as no less alien from us than colloids or crystals. It would not become me to praise his learning in myrmecology, which appears to be immense. But I can without impertinence praise a book which in every line even of its more technical pages communicates a spirit of almost lyrical love and enthusiasm for its subject.

POETRY, OLD AND NEW

A Poetry Book for Boys and Girls. Part II. Compiled by A. Watson Bain. Cambridge University Press. 2s.

Earth, Dear Earth. By James A. Mackereth. The Bodley Head. 6s.

The Augustan Books of English Poetry. Six New Numbers. Benn. 6d. each.

MR. A. WATSON BAIN'S anthology of verse for school use is the best thing of its kind that we have seen; we have, therefore, the less hesitation in quarrelling with certain of his inclusions. In an extremely sensible preface Mr. Bain lays down four "conditions of the successful treatment of poetry as a school subject," one of which is that the book should contain "nothing that is inferior as poetry." This is to demand perfection; for it is doubtful whether there exists enough first-rate poetry "likely to appeal to young readers" (another of Mr. Bain's conditions) to make an anthology of reasonable size. Be that as it may, this collection certainly contains several pieces that are "inferior as poetry." Sir Walter Scott occupies more space than he is poetically worth; after four or five of his contributions we begin to feel that, like Miss Austen's Mary Bennet, he has "delighted us long enough." Thomas Moore we could almost have done without; Elizabeth Barrett Browning is represented by a poor thing; and surely the children of this generation deserve to be spared the remorseless rum-ti-tum-tum of Byron's 'The Destruction of Sennacherib':

The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold,
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

One cannot help feeling that such poems as these, and things like Campbell's 'Hohenlinden,' were included merely for old times' sake. The same must be said, and said firmly, of 'The Charge of the Light Brigade.' Useless to plead that children will love it, preferring it perhaps to 'The Eagle' (the least obvious and not the least welcome of Mr. Bain's selection from Tennyson): for they will equally enjoy, until their taste shall have been formed by much reading of better things, the work of the late Mrs. Wilcox.

With these exceptions, however, and but for an excess of drum-beating patriotism, there is nothing here for which we cannot be grateful. The poems are very happily grouped, and some of the best contemporary work is included, notably Mr. Bridges's 'London Snow,' Mr. de la Mare's 'The Listeners,' and Mr. W. H. Davies's 'The Kingfisher.' The book is well printed and unencumbered by notes or commentary. No schoolmaster introducing it to his pupils will be tempted to use it for exercises in parsing and analysis. There would have been no harm, however, in indicating the sources of such selections as those from 'The Deserted Village' and 'Paradise Lost'; and in that most perfect of carols:

I sing of a maiden
That is makeless,
King of all kings
To her son she ches.

—to write "matchless" and "chosed" is plain villainy. Better a gloss than such a modernization!

Mr. James A. Mackereth makes the fatal mistake of providing his poems with a preface in which he gives critics of previous books a piece of his mind, thereby tempting every hurried reviewer to discuss the preface at the expense of the poems. No one who has the patience to read through this substantial volume will doubt that there is a poet in Mr. Mackereth. Thoughtful, vigorous, sometimes eloquent, he is yet a writer in whom the lyrical impulse, despite his honest and painstaking craftsmanship, has never achieved adequate expression. One cannot resist the conclusion

that, lacking the faculty of self-criticism, and disinclined to distinguish between the significant and the commonplace, he breaks into verse somewhat too readily.

The new 'Augustan Poets' are six in number, two comparatively old and four comparatively new. Mr. Harold Monro presents a selection from Coleridge which is the better for being chronological. Professor Garrod is responsible for the Wordsworth volume: not a difficult task, since when the 'Ode on Immortality' and 'Tintern Abbey' and the four Lucy poems have been printed, we have but ten pages left, of which, as everyone will agree, not less than three must be occupied by sonnets; this leaves a very narrow margin for differences of opinion. There remain the three moderns; Mr. D. H. Lawrence, Mrs. Lynd, Mr. Gould, and translations from the French. It is good to have, as we have here, the best of Mr. Lawrence's love poems—splendid, furious, full-blooded—in a small volume which contains nothing of his more recent and experimental verse; and it was indeed a happy thought on the part of the general editor, Mr. Humbert Wolfe, to give us in this popular series some of the exquisitely luminous and lovely poems of Sylvia Lynd, a poet who has never been praised enough. Mrs. Lynd again and again lets fall some simple remark that illumines, in a sudden flash, a universal emotion; as when she says, in a poem addressed by mother to child:

For no young thing of beast or bird or tree
I've seen, but I have seemed to look on thee,
And at thy sound I go remembering
About the woods of every vanished spring.

As for Mr. Gerald Gould, however highly one may rate him as a journalist, it is dreadful to think that there are thousands among his newspaper readers who do not know him as a poet, and, in particular, as the author of one of the few perfect sonnets of our time. For, indeed, not to know Mr. Gould as a poet is not to know Mr. Gould. He is at his worst—or at his least good, for he touches nothing without dignifying it—when resorting to the galloping measure and robust sentimentality to which readers of Mr. Chesterton are accustomed; he is at his best in 'Firelight,' in 'Child's Song,' and in tenderly intimate things of this kind:

My love is fair, she is better than fair to me;
She puts me in mind of a wild white seagull flying over the sea:
She puts me in mind of a dim wind going softly in the grass
—Of things remembered, and young things, and things that
shall come to pass.

Always from a boy, as I walked the evening road
And saw the curtained windows where the warm light glowed,
I have desired little children, and old songs, and sleep,
And an ache has come in my throat for the need I had to weep.
But now . . .

Let us break off here, to leave room for another quotation. A suspicious reader may perhaps look twice at "a dim wind," and ask himself if that epithet is not the least bit too artful. But when Mr. Gould is in his most austere mood, such questions can never arise. In such moods he achieves nothing less than classical perfection. Here—simple, inevitable, profound—is the octave of the sonnet called 'Peace':

I cannot love my Lady as I would:
She is past loving lovable—she tries
With childish hands the portals of surprise,
And finds by faith those secrets understood.
She wears the double crown of womanhood:
Maternal thoughts make bright her maiden eyes;
Wisdom would not be pure were she not wise,
Nor goodness beautiful were she not good.

Translation of French verse must be free; and Professor Garrod exercises his freedom. His verses are spirited and deftly turned, but marked by an idiosyncrasy that is often his own rather than his author's. The result is nearly always in some degree admirable, but it is likely to please the reader in proportion as he fails to recall the original. In Villon's famous Ballade the lines:

Et Jeanne, la bonne Lorraine,
Qu'Anglais brûlèrent à Rouen,

become:

Saint Joan that went the fiery way
At Rouen (tingle, English ears!)

And the refrain is rendered: "Where are the snows of a thousand years?"—a version we find it hard to stomach. With Ronsard's "Mignonne, allons voir si la rose," Professor Garrod is felicitously successful; and such things as 'Le Roi d'Yvetot' show him at his best. But again our admiration receives a check when we reach Verlaine's 'Mon Rêve Familier,' of which Professor Garrod's version is altogether too hearty and exclamatory. We quote the original sestet:

Est-elle brune, blonde ou rousse?—Je l'ignore.
Son nom? Je me souviens qu'il est doux et sonore
Comme ceux des aimés que la Vie exila.
Son regard est pareil au regard des statues,
Et pour sa voix, lointaine, et calme, et grave, elle a
L'inflexion des voix chères qui se sont tues.

and the English version:

Dark Lady of my sonnets? or blond? God knows!
Her name? God knows! I only know it sounded
Sweet, sweet as names of lovers life has hounded
Leagues out of love. Her look—the immortal brows
Of statues look so. Sweet her voice, soft, low.
The unspeaking dead speak, I think, always so.

This is not translation: it is murder.

POST-MORTEMS

Lord Grey and the World War. By Hermann Lutz. Allen and Unwin. 16s.

Reputations. By Capt. B. H. Liddell Hart. Murray. 12s.

The Mirage of Versailles. By Hermann Stegemann. Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.

WHILE there are, it seems, certain memories of the war which the Germans cannot bear to see revived in any form, there are others to which they continually return with unflagging appetite. One of these is the old question of "war guilt"—whose fault was it all?—a subject which every other nation engaged in the conflict has long since grown tired of discussing.

Dr. Lutz, who appears to have constituted himself a sort of semi-official apologist on the German side, now re-enters the controversy with what is really a careful and detailed reply to Lord Grey's recently published book of memoirs. Treating this book as though it were a considered indictment of German foreign policy, instead of a collection of personal memoirs, Dr. Lutz has no difficulty in showing that Lord Grey has occasionally forgotten a "conversation" or overlooked a document; and he never fails to find something sinister in such omissions. Lord Grey is "a man whom a policy of unintentional ambiguity stamped with some involuntary and, in his heart, detested features of Machiavelli; unworthy features which will never disappear from his melancholy brow"—"an unhappy figure, not without elements of innate tragedy." With all its air of judicial impartiality, this is a portrait hardly nearer to the truth than the popular German caricatures of 1914. We may leave it at that. Dr. Lutz then proceeds to his own distribution of "war guilt." He tabulates his awards as follows:

The first blow at world peace was the Serajevo murder (Serbia and Russia; Austria-Hungary).

The second was the ultimatum and declaration of war against Serbia (Austria-Hungary and Germany).

The third and critical one was the Russian general mobilization (Russia, France, Britain).

The Great Power principally to blame was thus Russia; then Austria-Hungary; then the other three Powers.

It is a moderately reasonable list, though we can see no particular reason why the third stage should be regarded as more "critical" than the others, unless

it be that Germany is not included among the culprits there. It will be noticed that there is no mention of Belgium, but Dr. Lutz has a good deal to say of this elsewhere. He declaims against British hypocrisy since, he argues, we should have entered the war in the end, whether Belgium were invaded or not. Undoubtedly we should, and now that the Belgian rallying cry has served its turn, perhaps the less we say about it the better. But that a German should choose to raise the question, and even make a grievance of it, is really staggering. We are back with a jerk in the days of the "scrap of paper." "Why," exclaims Dr. Lutz indignantly:

... it had been common knowledge for years before that in a war on two fronts Germany would march through Belgium and, in the opinion of many foreign military authorities, must march through to have any chance of winning.

The italics are his. Apparently they will never understand that treaties cannot be signed and then torn up at will, never perceive that it is no excuse for a dishonest act to say that everyone expected it, never learn to include the universal and, as it turned out, well-founded distrust of Germany among the root causes of the war, nor recognize it as a useful pointer when it comes to assigning the blame. Dr. Lutz's readers, outside Germany, are likely to find the whole argument as exasperating and untimely as the Cavell film.

Herr Stegemann's main concern is with the conclusion of the war, but he, too, manages to slay something of its origins. And he, too, draws a rather nauseating picture of a "terrified Germany," surrounded by enemies, forced "to seek a way by the old corridor of Belgium." Germany was "manœuvred into the rôle of the aggressor" and "under pressure of circumstances" violated the neutrality of Belgium. England was the real villain of the peace. The British "deliberately" sought "the hegemony of the world"; not the Germans, who marched into battle singing about *über alles*. And so on. He is better on the "martyrdom" of Germany in the Treaty of Versailles. He argues with force that the Treaty can never be carried out; and points out that, in spite of all that she has suffered, Germany "continues to be a nation firmly fixed in the heart of Europe and striving towards recovery." That indeed is a fact which Europe will forget at its peril. "The issue of the crisis of Europe," concludes Herr Stegemann, "will be determined not so much by the law of the victors as by the fate of the vanquished"—and there is wisdom too in that.

In between these two German versions of the beginning and ending of the war comes Captain Liddell Hart's collection of studies of "the ten foremost commanders"—or so his publisher describes them—in the war itself. It is a curious list, for it includes General Hunter Liggett, who commanded one of the American divisions, but omits Hindenberg and Mackensen. However, the character sketches are always lively, and often penetrating. Writing before the death of the late Lord Haig, Capt. Hart criticizes him freely as an attacking general, but nevertheless ranks him high. "There has hardly been a finer defensive general," he says. And "as a great gentleman, and as a pattern of noble character, Haig will stand out in the roll of history, *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*, more spotless by far than most of Britain's national heroes." Foch seems to be underestimated; Captain Hart speaks of him as a mere symbol, or figurehead, while admitting that he had an insight into the minds of the enemy which is surely one of the great tests of military genius. Ludendorff is "perhaps the greatest of all," a "robot" with "a wealth of tactical invention" and a wonderful head for strategy. Allenby is praised only for his "masterpiece" in Syria; Joffre and Falkenhayn hardly at all. Not everyone will agree with Captain Hart's opinions, but no one will find him dull.

COLLABORATION

Sir Arthur Sullivan. By Herbert Sullivan and Newman Flower, with an introduction by Arnold Bennett. Cassell. 21s.

Correspondence between Richard Strauss and Hugo von Hofmannsthal, 1907-1918, translated by Paul England. Secker. 18s.

IN his introductory note to the biography of Sullivan, Mr. Arnold Bennett assures us that one of the authors "is beyond question a writer." Since this partner in the business is presumably mainly responsible for the narrative, we may accept the fact as being beyond question. Upon the quality of the writing, however, Mr. Bennett preserves an ambiguous silence. Standing in no god-fatherly relation to the book, we need not follow his example. Not to mince matters, the book is for the most part poorly written, and sinks below its own level whenever, at the approach of a chapter's end, the writer seeks to rise above it on the impotent wings of pretentious rhetoric. The judgments on Sullivan's music are entirely lacking in discrimination. It is of little use, at this time of day, to pretend that Sullivan's hymns and cantatas and other serious compositions are for the most part anything but second-rate or worse. But, since the test of net sales is the one which is applied, the comic operas do actually come out on top. 'The Lost Chord,' "which eclipsed in a few months in its net sales all the songs of England for over forty years," and which the Prince of Wales would have travelled "the length of his future kingdom to hear Mrs. Ronalds sing," is not far behind. One cannot resist, in this connexion, quoting the delicious, but no doubt, unintentional *innuendo*, which occurs in the description of the first gramophone performance of this song: "All musical society was



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The interest of the biography resides, therefore, in the copious quotations from what Mr. Bennett dubs "the Sullivan archives," and of these the most important are the letters exchanged between Sullivan and his librettist, Gilbert. The extraordinary thing about their collaboration is that the two men seem to have been fundamentally out of tune with one another. Nowhere in this correspondence is there a note of real warmth or a touch of affection. Even when they are not actually quarrelling, they are never more to one another than "very truly yours." In fact Sullivan strained at the bond which linked him with Gilbert. He perceived the poverty and bad taste of much of Gilbert's humour, which is not apparent to many even now. Above all he was always ambitious to win success in the sphere of serious music, abetted thereto by the general view of his time, that to be a great composer one must write "great" works and that the Savoy operas were frivolities unworthy of his genius. He failed to achieve more than a passing success with his symphonies and cantatas, because, with all his gifts, he had neither the power of concentration nor the force of character which are among the traits of genius. He was fond of society, of gambling, and of all the other pleasures which success brought him. That is in itself no discredit, but he did allow these things to distract and preoccupy his mind, which should have been entirely absorbed in the great works he wished to create. So it is that his name is now paradoxically remembered through his collaboration in comic opera with a man who was temperamentally incompatible with him. If we say "Gilbert and Sullivan," it is because the rhythm of our language prefers that order, for it can hardly be disputed that the Savoy operas owe their lasting attractiveness first to the music and secondly to the music . . . and lastly to the librettos of Gilbert.

Mr. Paul England's excellent and readable translation of the correspondence of Strauss and von Hofmannsthal brings before us a very different picture. There have been disagreements between the two, and these differences of opinion are inevitably emphasized by the fact that they are natural subjects for discussion, whereas agreement can be passed over as taken for granted in the practical business of collaboration. No less than Gilbert, von Hofmannsthal stands up for his rights as librettist, and Strauss uses no euphemisms when he finds a scene dull or impossible for music. But the authors of 'Der Rosenkavalier' seem to have sufficient mutual sympathy to be able to stand plain speaking, and, if the recurrent compliments about the pleasure which the collaboration gives to each of them sound a trifle stiff and distant to the English reader, he must make allowance for the manners of Germany.

The value of these letters lies in the insight they give us into the creation of the operas. From the concessions which composer and librettist make to one another it is possible to deduce some of the canons of opera as an art-form. It is especially interesting to find Strauss reassuring his librettist about the ending of 'Der Rosenkavalier.' Von Hofmannsthal was afraid it might prove too long and tedious for the audience. Fortunately for us he was ready to accept Strauss's assurance. Other points are less easy to follow, since they very often refer to passages which were subsequently altered again, so that it is difficult or impossible to find the context. It is unfortunate that there are no notes to guide the reader. Apart from their importance as showing "how the wheels go round," the letters place both the writers in a favourable and sympathetic light. There is no lack of sincerity and idealism even in the making of 'The Legend of Joseph' and 'Ariadne auf Naxos.' The faults of the operas seem to be due rather to a characteristic lack of humour on both sides, to which 'Der Rosen-

kavalier' provides a brilliant, albeit not perfect, exception. The letters of the war period are interesting, also, because they show Strauss as taking the view that it was a senseless and horrible affair, but one which was only incidental in his life as an artist.

AFGHANISTAN IN THE LIMELIGHT

Afghanistan of the Afghans. By Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah. The Diamond Press. 21s.

Through the Heart of Afghanistan. By Emil Trinkler. Translated by B. K. Featherstone. Faber and Gwyer. 15s.

IF the King and Queen of Afghanistan have by this time picked up a number of valuable facts about Europe, it is equally true to say that, as a result of their visit, Europe has got to know more than it ever did before about Afghanistan. Before this year, Englishmen never heard of the Afghans except when we were at war with them—which happened too often. It is a pleasant sign of the times that this new interest in Afghanistan has been evoked by a friendly visit, and expresses itself not in military histories but in harmless narratives of travel, or in sympathetic descriptions of the country and its people, written by an Afghan who has evidently been educated in England.

These two books make a curious contrast. It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to state that we get a much clearer picture of the country from the German visitor, Herr Trinkler, who was there for a few months in 1923 and 1924, than we do from the native Afghan. The late Lord Cromer once remarked that the longer he lived in the East the less he seemed to know about it. Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah knows so much, and has always known so much, about Afghanistan that he has evidently found a difficulty in selecting his facts. Having decided that his European readers would be interested in native folklore and witchcraft, in legends and proverbs, in marriage and funeral ceremonies, and the like, which only an Afghan can adequately describe, he gives so much space to this side of his subject as to throw his book out of balance. Geography and history are too briefly and vaguely dismissed. But he has put us all in his debt; anthropologists, in particular, will find his book of real value. And his best and most readable chapters are those which are also most up to date—those which deal with the activities of the present King.

In the face of considerable opposition King Amanullah is modernizing his country. There is a cinema at Kabul, a girls' school, a telephone system, and many of the houses have electric light. He does this not simply because he likes it, but because he believes that "Afghanistan would certainly be unable to retain her autonomy unless equipped with that apparatus of civilization." He does it, therefore, with a minimum of European help, and that help German or French rather than British or Russian. His policy has been crystallized in the saying of the great Amir Abdur Rahman Khan: "There will be a railway in Afghanistan when the Afghans are able to make it themselves."

There is a useful chapter on Pan-Islamism, in which the author, as a Moslem, defends the British Empire against the suggestion of our enemies in the East that we are engaged upon another Crusade against Islam. Nothing, he agrees, could be more absurd. "It is well known that the present generations in European countries are not animated by any Christian zeal."

Herr Trinkler came into Afghanistan across the bleak and snow-clad Russian frontier in the north.

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He travelled by caravan—for that home-made railway is still in the clouds!—and passed through many unexplored districts where his British maps (there are no others) were often at fault. Throughout his journey he was careful to take daily observations, and to collect geological specimens for his employers, the German Trading Company at Kabul, whom he was on his way to join as a scientific adviser. He has all the good traveller's natural curiosity, and he seems to have fallen in love with Afghanistan at first sight—with Herat in particular. Kabul disappointed him; the buildings are nearly all of mud and it lacks minarets, which indeed it would be waste of time to build in a town where earthquakes are so frequent. Apart from these internal rumblings, however, Kabul is healthy enough, and the people are friendly; but the police are distinctly anti-European.

Herr Trinkler has a cheerful, breezy style, and if some of the facts he draws attention to are familiar even to arm-chair travellers (that native manicure set, for instance) he does manage to pass on his own first impressions very vividly. And, not being an English traveller, he even finds space to say a good word for the British Empire. After leaving Kabul he returned to Europe via India:

I was impressed at every turn with the might and power of England and of the colonizing powers of this country, for where the Union Jack flies, there is peace and good order. One is astounded when one sees what England has done for India, and I am quite certain that many of us would have different views about India if we spent a longer time there.

By "us," of course, Herr Trinkler means Germans. But there is another and more interested nation that might very well take the hint.

RURAL RIDES, 1927

Latter Day Rural England. By S. L. Bensusan. Benn. 8s. 6d.

LAST summer Mr. Bensusan set out to survey rural England; this book gives the results of his survey. He has viewed the land and found it patchy. His route was chosen for him by Sir Daniel Hall, who probably knows more about agricultural England than any other living man. Leaving London via Essex, it led Mr. Bensusan through East Anglia up to Yorkshire, down through the Midlands to Gloucester and Worcester, thence to Devon and Cornwall, and home again by Wiltshire and Hampshire. It is thus a comprehensive survey, and this, coupled with Mr. Bensusan's well-known interest in rural economy and the fact that he was himself a farmer for twenty years, makes the book both interesting and instructive.

The outstanding impression is the impossibility of generalizing about this many-sided industry. Almost every county has its own speciality and its own methods. Mr. Bensusan found farmers who were making money living side by side with others on the brink of ruin; and small holders, like those in Yorkshire, who were making a living from the most unpromising land, while others were doing badly in far kinder conditions. In the small compass of this island he found every conceivable form of extracting produce from the soil being carried on with every degree of success and failure, and agriculturists facing the changing conditions with the greatest perseverance and courage at the same time as others were persisting in old practices that their reason should have told them were obsolete and no longer profitable. One realizes from this account how dislocated are agricultural knowledge and farming technique, and the need for some broad national policy, elastic enough to allow these many aspects full freedom, but cohesive enough to hold them together in unity of knowledge and direction. On the whole, Mr. Bensusan's survey bears out the rather gloomy picture of British agriculture

painted by other investigators last summer, but it shows also that there are some bright spots and that men who have had the vision to try to adapt themselves to circumstances have not been unsuccessful. He even found some places where investigators in search of heavy losses were told to go elsewhere.

Mr. Bensusan found almost everywhere evidence to prove that land hunger exists among the farm workers. "I know scores," said a ploughman to him,

... who could do just as I want to do with a bit of land if they got the chance. Some tried; two or three got small holdings, but the land was too dear and they made the mistake of growing to sell instead of growing to feed themselves first, which is what I'd do if I got the chance. But the real trouble is the farmers won't part with a mite of land if they can help it... they'd rather let it go down to grass... Time my father was worn out and they was going to take him to the workhouse... he said to me: "George, if I'd a bit of land of my own, I'd have kept on. Get a bit of land, George, if you get the chance." Then they took him away and he died, and I've been trying ever since, but it doesn't come, so I must go on, best I can.

Interspersed with accounts of farming ways and farming developments, of agricultural colleges, institutes, demonstration centres and testing stations, are many clear-cut little interludes of this description. They give life and colour to the book and provide that half-pathetic yet sturdy and uncomplaining background that has become part of the soil of England. Mr. Bensusan puts his finger on the small-holding paradox when he tells of Seth Thomas, a farm labourer who, in the midst of acres going out of cultivation, can no longer be employed but must go to the Union with his family at a cost to the nation of £5 10s. per week, plus the cost of the food he no longer produces, but which is bought for him from abroad. The land is available, he is skilled and eager to cultivate a few acres of it at a fair rent, and from this he would feed his family and grow sufficient surplus to clothe them—but both the land and Seth Thomas are kept idle, and other countries are paid to feed him and his family.

About the National Farmers' Union officials Mr. Bensusan has some hard things to say. "The industry is beset by men of this type, who have neither vision nor practical knowledge of the world that is beyond their own narrow boundaries"; and again, "The N.F.U., although it cannot be regarded as a body that carries any great weight in the country, undoubtedly possesses a certain power for obstruction that has been used repeatedly in the last few years." All this may be true, but the N.F.U. is the only representative body of farmers, organized with some difficulty, and it would not be easy to replace it if its prestige were broken; therefore it seems a doubtful service to the industry to instil distrust of the Union among many who are only too ready to withhold their loyalty from it.

Much is said about agricultural marketing, and throughout the book the author blames the dealers, the combines and the monopolies for the greatest responsibility for the ills of the industry, maintaining that so long as they keep their stranglehold on it any improvement in prices would mostly benefit them. He tells dark tales of milk contracts enforced by the Combine at lower rates than those bargained for, of fruit and vegetables destroyed by dealers to keep up prices, while the producer receives a bill for services which the sale of his produce has been insufficient to cover. He is particularly bitter with the United Dairies. In this he is perhaps a little unfair, for while it is true that they are not philanthropists and that the producers would be better off with their own milk organization, yet there is little doubt that they are better off with the U.D. than with nothing of the kind. He is, perhaps, a little inclined to the fallacy that co-operation is going to save large sums merely by eliminating middlemen, a view not entirely borne out by the Linlithgow Committee, whose findings Mr. Bensusan urges should be acted upon.

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But the book will not be read so much for its controversial points or its "solutions," which Mr. Bensusan has commendably refrained from entering upon to any great extent, as for its essential purpose of giving an unprejudiced account of agricultural England in 1927. In this he has succeeded admirably. It is the best picture that has been presented since Sir Daniel Hall's 'Pilgrimage.'

AMERICAN PROBLEMS

The Revolt of Modern Youth. By Judge Ben B. Lindsey and Wainwright Evans. Brentano's. 10s. 6d.

JUDGE LINDSEY'S statements, no less than the recommendations he bases on them, have caused something of a sensation in his own country—and no wonder. He is judge in the Juvenile and Family Court of Denver, Colorado, and there administers a code the details of which nowhere clearly appear in his book. This is natural in a work written for American consumption. No American citizen resident in one state would ever be surprised at the laws obtaining in another. But a little information for the English reader, not quite so well habituated to marvels, would not have come amiss.

However, it is perfectly clear that, whatever the laws he applies, Judge Lindsey has methods of his own. It is also clear, since he has held his present position continuously from 1899, that on the whole the people of Denver like them. He has even survived the serious charge of traducing American youth and, considering what he does say about it, he must at any rate have a formidable reputation as a man of earnestness and sincerity.

His allegation is, in short, that there exists among American boys and girls "of high-school age"—presumably between fourteen and eighteen—a degree of sexual licence not dreamt of by solid middle-class people in any other country at any time in modern civilization. Such statements are easily made, not easy to prove and quite impossible to disprove. Judge Lindsey anticipates possible criticisms. The state of affairs he describes is not peculiar to Denver: what he says is "even more true for every city and town in the United States." It is not based on the fact that as a judge he comes into contact with delinquents rather than with the normal part of the population: he derives most of his knowledge from having become known as an adviser whom young people in trouble may consult privately and in confidence. His work is not confined to the poorer and less well-educated classes: on the contrary, many of the cases he describes come from "homes of considerable wealth and culture." It is true that there are other criticisms with which he has not dealt in advance. He uses figures in an extremely light-hearted manner. Thus in one instance, having taken one hundred as the imaginary basis of a sum in proportion, he applies the equally imaginary result to the concrete population of Denver. But he does also give figures which, unless they are monstrously falsified, point to extraordinary conditions.

It would ill become a foreigner, even one with considerable experience of the United States, to attempt to decide how far this astonishing indictment is justified. But Judge Lindsey's inquiries into causes, some of which produce curious results, ought to be mentioned. The oddest he gives is that many American children are suffering from malnutrition, not because of insufficient feeding but because of improper feeding. This, he thinks, may cause them to mature too early—an opinion he bases on the fact that children in famine-stricken districts generally have a pinched and prematurely aged appearance. His other main reason is the economic independence of women with its obvious effects on the relations between the sexes—a factor

which, as it were, throws its shadow before, even into the life of school-children. There is a possible cause which he omits to mention, perhaps because it arises from something which he takes for granted as being in the nature of things—the institution, almost universal in the United States, of co-education. There is another of a more doubtful sort, because it is so wide and vague—the indiscipline which seems to characterize the normal American family.

His remedies are more knowledge, more birth-control, and "companionate marriage"—an expression to which it is difficult to attach any more definite meaning than divorce made as easy as possible for the childless. In this connexion he mentions the old Scottish custom of "handfasting." This custom, prevalent among peasants in many other places than Scotland and prevalent in effect in some parts of England to this day, ruled that a young man and a young woman might have marital relations, either for a specified time or for a length of time generally understood, without incurring the obligation of marriage unless the union proved itself to be fertile. The shortness of Judge Lindsey's constructive views is shown by the fact that he does not attempt to imagine what form these "trials" would take in a community in which birth-control was well understood and regularly practised.

THE WENTWORTHS

The Loyal Wentworths. By Allan Fea. The Bodley Head. 16s.

DECENT people may be found who would be hard put to it to name more than three Wentworths of any account in history. Strafford "The Great Earl" is familiar to everybody and there are the Wentworths who distinguished themselves in Parliament in the reign of Elizabeth. None of these, however, belongs to the family whose records are related by Mr. Allan Fea. It is the Wentworths of Littlestead whose history forms the subject-matter of the present book and there are some forty-seven of them scattered over half-a-dozen centuries.

None of them seems to have been of any great importance. The principal figure in the volume is Henrietta Maria, Baroness Wentworth, the daughter of the fifth Baron and famous as Monmouth's mistress. Almost all that is known and worth telling about her is to be found in two passages in Macaulay's 'History.' In the first Macaulay writes:

He [Monmouth] retired to Brussels accompanied by Henrietta Wentworth, Baroness Wentworth of Littlestead [sic], a damsel of high rank and ample fortune, who loved him passionately, who had sacrificed for his sake her maiden honour and the hope of a splendid alliance, who had followed him into exile, and whom he believed to be his wife in the sight of heaven. Under the soothing influence of female friendship, his lacerated wounds healed fast. He seemed to have found happiness in obscurity and repose, and to have forgotten that he had been the ornament of a splendid court, and the head of a great party, that he had commanded armies, and that he had aspired to a throne . . . Lady Wentworth wished to see him a king. Her rents, her diamonds, her credit, were put at his disposal.

In the second passage Macaulay refers to Henrietta's name carved by Monmouth on a tree near Todington, which was still to be seen not long before he wrote.

The present volume even with the liberal use of assumption, conjecture, must-have-beens, and the like is not able to tell us very much more of the unfortunate Henrietta. She was born, as a recently discovered horoscope reveals, in 1660, she appeared in a Court masque in 1674, and was hurried into the country in 1680 because of the attentions of Monmouth—according to the report of the chief scandal-monger of the day. Intimate relations between the two seem to have begun or been resumed after the Rye House Plot, when Monmouth was in hiding at the home of the Wentworths, and when exiled to the Nether-

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lands Henrietta accompanied him as his mistress; with Henrietta's mother, Philadelphia, as a third and apparently contented member of the party. These two seem to have encouraged Monmouth in his final tragic enterprise. Within a year of the execution Henrietta herself died in her twenty-sixth year. For the sake of Monmouth she had abandoned reputation, and had rejected several advantageous suitors. For a comparatively poor woman of excellent looks to have taken such a course is certainly remarkable in an age when marriage was so commonly regarded in a strictly commercial light. Monmouth himself and his handsome face are the apparent explanation. Weak and amorous, Monmouth was richly endowed with what we are now expected to call "sex appeal." But perhaps mother and daughter had calculated on the possibility of the success of Monmouth's political intrigues from the first. If so, they were sadly disappointed.

SEEING THE WORLD

Adventures in Five Continents. By Lieut.-Colonel P. T. Etherton. Hutchinson. 18s.

IT is just thirty years since young Mr. Etherton set out, like the immortal George Primrose, "with no design but just to look about me, and then to go forward." His family wished him to go into the Army, and he got there in due course, but not through the common-place portals of Sandhurst. Instead he sailed for Western Australia, attracted by the gold discoveries and by the presence of an elder brother. But he did not find gold for the picking up at Kalgoorlie, of which place he gives a lively description. In less than a year the wanderlust came on him again, and he set out for America. By this time he had exhausted the financial resources which seemed illimitable at eighteen, and he thought himself lucky to find a boat at Fremantle which was in need of a fourth cook; no questions were asked, and he was still luckier to be precluded by bad weather from experimenting with the passengers' digestions on the run to Sydney. Thence he returned to London as a steward, and then got a passage on an empty cattle-boat to Montreal.

An amusing account of "train-beating" follows; he made his way across the American continent by riding on buffers or hiding in freight-cars, a method of transit which is pleasanter in memory than in fact. So far the author was, as he candidly remarks, "seeing life from a remarkable angle." Ultimately he brought up in South Africa, where the temptation of seeing the Boer War landed him in Kitchener's Fighting Scouts, with whom he put in sixteen months of hard service.

Colonel Etherton was now tired of casual wandering, and entered the Army through the militia, being ultimately posted to the 39th Garhwal Rifles, then stationed at Chitral. After a few years of regimental life and shikar, he set out on the daring journey through the Pamirs, Turkistan and Asiatic Russia, which he has described at length in a previous book, and to which he here devotes a chapter full of interesting details. He tells many stories of life in India, but hastens on to the war, in which he served first on the western front and later in Mesopotamia. His description of the "mix-up" known as the Battle of Loos is particularly thrilling. The rest of the book deals with his later travels in Central Asia, his experiences of the London Air Defences, and a tour through the wilder parts of Europe, including an account of the Republic of Andorra.

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Galatea. By Margaret Rivers Larminie. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

The Vista. By Ronald Fraser. Cape. 7s. 6d.

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THE more one reads of Mr. Dreiser's work the more one is impressed by his amazing accessibility to detail and impression. In the mere matter of inventing names, for instance, he is extraordinarily fertile; he scarcely lets a page go by without adding a fresh name to it, usually with some personal comment, to the effect that the Mudeaters (for example) who lived eight blocks lower down, were now destitute, the erection of a factory chimney near by making it impossible for Mrs. Mudeater to ply her trade as washerwoman and support her crippled husband and wastrel son.

Therefore when, in 'Chains,' I came upon the sentence, "And then there were the Hartleys . . ." with no other elucidation than those four dots (eloquent, to judge from the context, of "profound worthiness") I felt cheated. "Young Mrs. Justus" was "just entering her car"; "May Walters" was "now at her dining-room window"; but "the Hartleys . . ." We shall never know what they were doing. All we do know is that Idelle, the twenty-four-year-old wife of forty-eight-year-old Judge Garrison, did not like them: she had hosts of other friends, also mentioned by name, whose way of life had little in common with that trodden by the Walters, the Justuses, and the Hartleys. . . In fact Judge Garrison, whose cogitations in the sleeping-car have put us in possession of his history and the reasons why he married Idelle, is so much exasperated that he makes up his mind to leave her: instead, he submits to his chains, ordering his chauffeur to go the quickest way to the house (not his house) where she is staying.

'Chains' is one of the best in the collection of fifteen short stories to which it gives its name. "Short" is really a misnomer; however little Mr. Dreiser wrote, a page, a line, a word, he could never give an effect of brevity. His work has the attribute of length, just as a snake or a blade of grass has it. And therefore to truncate him deprives him of his true proportion; it is as though one were to divide a worm into several parts: each section lives, but less effectively than the whole long worm. Mr. Dreiser is incapable of reducing his scale; he stands always at the same distance from life—that is very near to it—and puts down everything he sees. His experience of life is immensely rich and varied, but as he has no artifice in presenting it, and is content to jot down its details in chronological sequence, his real quality reveals itself best in his longest works, such as 'The Financier' and 'The American Tragedy.' Several of the pieces in 'Chains' are not mere links, but are complete in themselves; one of the best, 'St. Columba and the River' displays (through the agency of a series of underground explosions imperilling the lives of many workmen) a playful if elephantine humour. In the Oriental tales Mr. Dreiser discovers an altogether unexpected liveliness of speech and luxuriance of emotion.

Every now and then he seems to take the task of authorship lightly, revelling in that strange jargon with which so many writers on Oriental themes have made us familiar: "Thou scum! Oh thou miserable little tick on the back of a sick camel!" and "Dost thou address me, thou bag of bones!" Such phrases

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would be unremarkable in the work of some novelists, but they are interesting as showing a different side of Dreiser from the one we know—the side that is always putting itself in the executioner's place and wondering just how many volts will be needed this time. . . . Though this side also is represented: 'Sanctuary' is the story of a girl who is a kind of target for all bad men. Dreiser devotes her to destruction, and then saves her, with a sentimentality that is hard to forgive. The stories in 'Chains' are obviously garnered from all the periods of their author's work; they gain interest from this, but none shows him quite at his best.

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"You are always telling me my words," he said. "Do you often think of that night in the wood?"

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Messrs. Chatto and Windus also tell us that they are just going to publish a book by Mr. Clive Bell which deals with a wider field than have his previous books. It is to be called *Civilization*, and is to be dedicated to Virginia Woolf.

Yet another novel of the war is expected from Messrs. Chatto and Windus. It is entitled *The English Miss*, is by R. H. Mottram, and deals with the "effect of the war on suburban life."

Messrs. Allen and Unwin are the publishers of many famous translations, including the well-known first volume of Oswald Spengler's *Decline of the West*, the translation of which was an astonishing piece of work. It is therefore with great interest that we look forward to the publication by this firm of the translation of General Krassnoff's *Double Eagle to Red Flag*. This book is a history of the revolution in Russia. General Krassnoff was in command of a Cossack corps before the war. He survived the first revolution, and in 1918 the fall of the Bolshevik rule set him up in the position of Attaman of the Don Parliament. He had to abandon his post in 1919, and retired into private life for four years, during which time he busied himself by writing this history, which is supposed by many Russians to be the most valuable contribution to the contemporary history of the Revolution that there is.

The same firm have already created some interest by the publication of the first three volumes of the Japanese novel, *The Tale of Genji*, by Lady Murasaki, translated by Mr. Arthur Waley. The fourth volume is now just about to appear and goes by the name of *Blue Trousers*; it carries the story down to the death of Genji.

In one volume Messrs. Allen and Unwin are about to publish *Pipe in the Fields* and *Birthright* by Mr. T. C. Murray, the Irish playwright. *Birthright* has already been very well received by the dramatic critics.

The appearance last year of *Mother India* excited a great deal of discussion and many newspaper articles. But the first book to be produced since its publication, dealing with the problems which it placed before the English, is Miss Margaret Wilson's *Daughters of India*, which Messrs. Jonathan Cape are shortly going to publish. We are told that Miss Wilson has had a long experience of India.

Mr. W. P. Crozier is the author of another book which Messrs. Jonathan Cape announce to appear on March 30: *The Letters of Pontius Pilate*. Mr. Crozier is a journalist of some repute, and has worked on the staff of the *Manchester Guardian* since 1904. He has taken pains to make this book (imaginary letters of Pilate to a friend of his in Rome) historically correct, and as far as we can gather the book will be something like Anatole France's famous short story in *Mother of Pearl*.

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

Notice under this heading does not preclude or prejudice subsequent review. Where a book is not yet published, the date of publication is added in parentheses.

ESSAYS AND BELLES-LETTRES

A BOOK OF WORDS. By Rudyard Kipling. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. Addresses to audiences at the Royal Academy, the Royal Literary Fund, certain Canadian institutions, Edinburgh University, the Sorbonne, etc. These are eminently characteristic of their author; and since they cover a period of twenty years they afford an opportunity of tracing the development of his ideas. **A FINAL BURNING OF BOATS, ETC.** By Ethel Smyth. Longmans. 10s. 6d.

An autobiographical work, dealing with much beside music, by the eminent composer.

ART OF THE NIGHT. By George Jean Nathan. Knopf. 8s. 6d. Critical essays by the well-known American writer.

THIRD LEADERS. Reprinted from *The Times*. Arnold. 7s. 6d.

An excellent idea. The third leaders in *The Times* have long been appreciated by a large public, which will be glad to have them in volume form.

THE PAPERS OF AN OXFORD MAN. By the late Ernest Dare Lee. Ingpen and Grant. 6s.

E. D. Lee was one of the ablest and most scholarly journalists that India, with its high standards in journalism, has known. These papers reveal wide reading, and the range of subjects, from the classics to Blake and Swinburne, from folklore to Indian politics, is remarkable.

THE MAN OF FEELING. By Henry Mackenzie. Edited by Hamish Miles. The Scholartis Press. 7s. 6d.

Mackenzie's wife once said of him that he had feeling "only on paper," and Walter Scott, an intimate, also insisted on the discrepancy between the sentimental author and the very practical man. But it is as "the man of feeling" that Mackenzie is remembered, and this edition will be welcomed.

COLOURED THINKING. By D. F. Fraser-Harris. Routledge. 5s. Papers on childishness in adult life, mythology and science, joy in discovery, the influence of Italy on British life, and biology in Shakespeare.

FOLKLORE, MYTHOLOGY, AND ROMANCE. By Alexander Porteus. Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.

THE CREATIVE EAST. By J. W. T. Mason. Murray. 3s. 6d.

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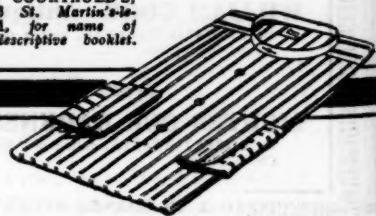
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CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

THE activity in the industrial market shows no signs of abatement, and it is interesting to note that the pendulum appears to be swinging in the direction of some of the old long-neglected favourites. During the last week we have seen more attention paid to such shares as Dunlops, Imps and Bats, although the star turn has been provided by Mond Nickel. The rise in these shares during recent months has been sensational. The buying is believed to emanate from those in close touch with the Company, the present position of which is believed to justify an even higher price than that ruling at the moment. It is particularly pleasing to see the recovery in the price of cable companies' stock on the arrangement reached with the Marconi Company. On the details as published no trustworthy valuation can be placed on Marconi shares. At the same time it is felt that the agreement, with the benefits that it will bring in its train, probably justifies the present price.

THOMAS TILLING

Thomas Tilling have issued their report and balance-sheet for the year ended December 31, 1927, and it makes gratifying reading for shareholders. I have frequently said that Thomas Tilling shares are a sound permanent investment; since I first expressed this opinion, shareholders have received a substantial bonus, and have seen the price of their shares rise in a steady but extraordinary fashion. The report now published shows how this rise has been justified. The final dividend is maintained at 1s. 6d. less tax, making 3s. for the year, and in addition shareholders are to receive a cash bonus of 3s. per share, and the reserve is increased by £50,000. The profit for the year amounted to £219,476, which compares with £180,613 for the previous year. In view of the consistently conservative financial policy that has been adopted by the Board of this Company it seems probable that this 3s. cash bonus will be repeated next year. Acting on this assumption the yield at the present price is over 7%—a generous one in an industrial share of this nature. In addition the position of Tilling appears to be so strong that it seems probable that in a year or two's time shareholders may receive something in the nature of another share bonus. In these circumstances, despite the rise, Tilling's are again recommended as an industrial share that can be locked away, both for good dividends and capital appreciation.

LEIBIGS

Among the older industrial companies attention is drawn to the shares of Leibigs Extract of Meat Company, Limited. This Company, like Tilling, is managed by those who believe in drawing up their balance-sheet in a conservative manner, with the result that Leibigs figures include secret reserves which are growing annually. The denomination of the ordinary shares, of which there are 400,000, is £5, and at the present level on the basis of the 16% tax-free dividend which has been paid for the past four years the yield is low. At the same time there seems little doubt that one day shareholders will reap in concrete form a substantial reward for the conservative policy adopted by their directors. Leibigs shares could most certainly be looked upon as a thoroughly sound industrial lock-up investment.

DUNHILL

Attention is drawn to the £1 Ordinary shares of Dunhill, Limited, the famous pipe makers. These shares have been in demand of late, a demand which has sprung up in anticipation of the balance-sheet to be presented to shareholders at the end of next month. These ordinary shares have already received an interim dividend of 15% tax free. It is rumoured that the final dividend will amount to at least a further 15%, also tax free, in which event these shares will certainly appear undervalued at anything under £5.

COATS

There has been renewed activity of late in the shares of J. and P. Coats, Limited, the cotton-thread manufacturers. This is not surprising, because the past record of this Company has been such that its shares can be looked upon as a thoroughly sound permanent investment. The Company's financial year ends at December 31, and it is believed that last year was a record year in the history of the Company. It has frequently been rumoured of late that *pourparlers* are proceeding between Coats and Courtaulds with a view to investigating the possibilities of working arrangements whereby Coats would manufacture artificial silk. In view of the fact that a large number of materials are now made of a combination of cotton and artificial silk, this development seems to be a natural one. In any case Coats shares at the present level appear a thoroughly sound permanent lock-up investment, and as such are recommended.

ASSOCIATED ANGLO-ATLANTIC

Last week I referred to the very satisfactory report of the Associated Anglo-Atlantic Corporation, and expressed the opinion that both the ordinary and deferred shares of the Corporation could be looked upon as attractive investments. During the present week there has been a strong demand for these shares, the price of which has risen still further. Holders, however, are advised not to sell their shares, but at all events to await the meeting which is being held next week.

CAMP BIRD

Although the mining markets continue neglected there have been isolated cases of activity. Attention is drawn to the demand that has sprung up for Camp Bird Ordinary shares. The position of this Company has greatly improved during the last twelve months. Its assets include a very large number of Chemical and Metallurgical shares, which have risen from 2s. to 10s. It holds over 600,000 Santa Gertrudis shares; it also possesses a large parcel of Creole shares; and, in addition, it is believed to have done very well by acquiring a block of Lena Goldfield shares and notes at a very low price. It is confidently expected that in the course of the next three months holders of Camp Bird Ordinary shares will receive an interim dividend and this dividend is estimated at either 4½d. or 6d. per share. It is further believed that subsequently a final dividend will be paid which will be larger than the interim. In view of the fact that Camp Bird shares are standing at only a few pence over 5s., the recent demand can be understood. Naturally shares in a venture such as this are speculative, but Camp Bird shares at the present level appear a very promising speculative purchase for a rise of a shilling or two without too long a wait.

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THE demonstration of road night signs held last week in Richmond Park by the Automobile Association shows that the A.A. has the care of motorists very much at heart, and that it keeps well abreast of the needs of the times. The new illuminated signs, warnings and special devices intended to increase the safety of night driving, were inspected with great interest by a large number of well-known motorists. It is hoped that soon all the principal roads will be installed with modern equipment.

* *

These devices are in the nature of self-contained units, independent of the public-lighting service and supply, and with time switches attached; they will begin and cease operating automatically at dusk and dawn. A new type of A.A. road sign, an "advance" direction sign, will carry the notice "Sharp left for the A.A. way." This sign provides its own lighting, and, being only three feet high, is easily seen by drivers. Another device is the four-armed reflector sign, or, which the lettering is illuminated by the flood lights, without dazzle or glare. There are also A.A. safety posts by the left side of the road, each carrying a red reflector. The idea is, of course, to pass these on the right when overtaking a car showing the ordinary red rear light. On the opposite side of the road, the safety posts show white lights. The reverse side of each post naturally shows the opposite colour. These reflector discs easily pick up the light from an approaching car.

* *

An interesting feature at the demonstration was an

A.A. roadside telephone-box, fitted with a self-contained electric lighting outfit. Coupled with the box is a four-armed, illuminated direction post. Other exhibits included the A.A. fog flares, which were first introduced last winter at danger points or cross roads during fog. Thanks are due to the Franco-British Electrical Co., Ltd., Messrs. P. White, of Staines, and Messrs. Alexander Kenyon and Co., for their co-operation in providing the various signs in use at the demonstration. Representatives attended from the Ministry of Transport, Metropolitan and City Police, The National "Safety First" Association, London Traffic Advisory Committee and many Chief Constables and Surveyors of the London and Home Counties.

* *

When I was in the Midlands not long ago, I was asked to try the running of the 9-h.p. Standard, which is fast becoming a popular little car. The model selected was the saloon. It is exceedingly comfortable to ride in, the steering is light, the acceleration good, and the brakes efficient. This little engine can turn over very quickly and keep it up. This I proved, for I kept the speedometer for several miles on the long straight roads at fifty miles per hour. The car held the road extremely well and no fault could be found with the springing. Such a convenient little turnout should prove a considerable asset to the Standard Motor Company this year, and help to make up for their adverse figures of last year. Their well-known "Fourteen" I am hoping to try a little later on in the season.

* *

On Thursday, March 29, the Royal Automobile Club is holding a demonstration in Richmond Park at 8.30 p.m., which is to be known as a "road transport illumination demonstration."

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ACROSTICS

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 314

BY STREAMLETS BLOOM THESE WELL-KNOWN WILD-FLOWERS GAY.

1. More quickly run through than a Jack-tar's pay.
2. Of trim-built vessel now extract the heart,
3. And then curtail what makes fair damsels smart.
4. Birds of a feather this we sometimes call.
5. Emphatically the reverse of small.
6. Irksome, fatiguing, as a tale twice told.
7. Right it was always in the days of old.
8. By guile deprived of her on whom he doted.*
9. For reckless driving was my offspring noted.
10. Curtail a king who raised an earthwork vast.
11. Ranked high in Saxondom of days long past.

* Bride of Lammermoor.

Solution of Acrostic No. 312

P	i	G ¹	1 See Southey's "Apology for the Pig."
A	culcat	A ²	2 "Sting-bearers," a group of insects in-
R	etaine	R	cluding bees and wasps.
A	ria	Dne ³	3 Forsaken by Theseus in the isle of Naxos.
D	isobedienc	E ⁴	4 Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
I	ncantatio	N	Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal
S	l	Oven	taste
nE	i	F	Brought death into the world, and all our
L	eonin	E	woe,
O	rchar	D	... Sing, heavenly Muse.
S	apphir	E ⁵	—Paradise Lost, i.
T	ranslatio	N	5 Among the Greeks the sapphire was
			sacred to Jupiter.

ACROSTIC No. 312.—The winner is Jop (name and address, please!), who has selected as his prize 'The Borgias,' by Giuseppe Portigliotti, published by Allen and Unwin and reviewed by us on March 10. Sixteen other competitors desired this book, 8 chose 'Wanderings in Mediaeval London,' 7 'The Key of Life,' 7 'The Way the World is Going,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—John Lennie.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Armada, E. Barrett, P. R. Bennett, Boskerris, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Carlton, Miss Carter, Chailey, J. Chambers, Clam, Dhualt, Estela, Cyril E. Ford, Gay, Iago, Kirkton, Lilian, Margaret, Martha, Met, George W. Miller, Miss Moore, Lady Mottram, N. O. Sellam, Perky, Quis, Shorwell, Sisyphus, St. Ives, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Tiny Tim, Mrs. Violet, G. Wilson, Yendu.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Ape, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Mrs. J. Butler, Ceyx, J. R. Cripps, Glamis, Hanworth, J. B., Jeff, Madge, Muriel, M. Malvern, Oakapple, Peter, Plumbago, Pussy, Rho Kappa, Stucco, C. J. Warden. All others more.

ACROSTIC No. 311.—CORRECT: Carlton, Coque. ONE LIGHT WRONG: J. S. Murray. TWO LIGHTS WRONG: Rikki.

GEORGE W. MILLER.—Thanks for quotation from Sir P. Sidney, "Mine own pignie," i.e., pig's eye. I did not know to what "lover" Southey was referring.

RIKKI.—Your solution of No. 309 arrived late; hence the delay in acknowledging it. The same thing happened with No. 311. Thanks for calling attention to the obsolete spelling of *profaned* in No. 308. Though a believer in Liberty of Spelling (as well as of Prophecy) I never intentionally violate modern usage.

THE SOCIETY OF INCORPORATED ACCOUNTANTS AND AUDITORS

A.D. 1885

EXAMINATIONS

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the next EXAMINATION OF CANDIDATES resident in England and Wales will be held in London, Manchester, Cardiff and Leeds on the following dates:—

Preliminary Examination on May 7th and 8th, 1928.

Intermediate Examination on May 9th and 10th, 1928.

Final Examination on May 8th, 9th and 10th, 1928.

Candidates desirous of presenting themselves must give notice on or before April 3rd, 1928, to the Secretary at 50 Gresham Street, London, E.C.2.

Company Meeting

PINCHIN, JOHNSON & CO., LTD.

AN IDEAL BALANCE SHEET

EXCEPTIONAL PROGRESS

The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the shareholders of Pinchin, Johnson & Co., Limited, was held on the 21st inst. at the Hotel Cecil.

Mr. Edward Robson (Chairman) presided.

The Chairman said: I think we may very properly congratulate ourselves upon the extremely satisfactory results submitted for your approval.

PROFITS AND DIVIDENDS

The net revenue for the year, including a profit of £26,108 7s. 4d. realized from the sale of Investments, establishes a new high record at £327,941 15s. 6d. This figure, with the amount brought forward from 1926, gives us a total sum to the credit of Profit and Loss Account of £358,512 15s. 9d.

After deducting Interim Dividends on Preference and Ordinary shares already paid, and after providing the sum of £65,000 for Income Tax there remains a balance of £228,912 15s. 9d.

From this sum we propose to appropriate £13,000 for the Final Dividend on the Preference shares, and a Final Dividend of 20 per cent. less tax, on the Ordinary shares, making a total Ordinary Dividend for the year of 30 per cent. less tax.

We then propose to carry to Reserve the sum of £55,000 and to carry forward to 1928 £52,272 15s. 9d. compared with £30,571 0s. 3d. brought in.

We have paid off the whole of the new capital issue expenses and have written off the whole of the goodwill of the businesses now owned by the Company. These two items represent a sum of £80,000 and after providing for this amount, we have been able to transfer to reserves during the year a balance of £154,950 11s. 4d.

Our total Reserves and Carry Forward now amount to £380,336 1s. 11d.

Our assets are most conservatively valued, and the items of Stocks, Debtors, Cash and Trustee Securities, represent the satisfactory total of £1,244,980 0s. 5d. against our total liability to Creditors of only £221,298 19s. 2d.

You will appreciate, therefore, that our Assets are in a particularly liquid form, and with the entire elimination of Goodwill, I submit that your Company possesses an ideal Balance Sheet.

The item of Investments in Associated and Subsidiary Companies, at £117,446 4s. 11d. is a very valuable asset, and I may say that the realizable value of same is very considerably in excess of the amount shown in the Balance Sheet.

You will note from the Report that your Directors have decided to issue further Ordinary Shares, in the proportion of one share for every four shares held, to shareholders on the register of the Company as at March 12th, 1928, at the price of £2 per share. This issue constitutes a very handsome bonus to our shareholders, and your Directors are satisfied that the present profits are ample to maintain the existing rate of dividend on the increased Ordinary share capital.

Although we have no present need for this additional cash capital, in view of the fact that from time to time your directors have opportunities of acquiring substantial and profitable additional interests, it is desirable that we should be in a position to undertake such extensions as and when considered advisable, on the most advantageous terms, and the provision of ample cash resources is therefore desirable. I feel sure that in the course of time this additional capital will prove a source of increasing benefit to our shareholders.

We propose to carry to Reserve the premium on the new shares, and we anticipate that by the end of this year our Reserves and Carry Forward will reach such a figure as will make the position of our business one of exceptional strength.

PROPOSED FREE BONUS DISTRIBUTION

I will go further and say frankly, that within the next twelve months we consider it should be possible to distribute some of the accumulated Reserves and surplus to shareholders in the form of a free Bonus Issue. For such a purpose it would be necessary to increase the authorised share capital of the company, and in due course the necessary authority will be asked for.

Now, as to the trading position: During the past year, with the exception of one or two of our export markets, progress has continued in an even greater degree than in previous years, and our products are firmly established in all the important markets of the world.

The position in China and the Far East, while still very unsatisfactory compared with the normal standpoint, has shown an improvement during the past year over 1925 and 1926. With a return to more settled conditions, therefore, the business in the Far East should benefit in a substantial degree.

The Chairman then moved the adoption of the Directors' Report and the Balance Sheet and that a Final Dividend on the Ordinary Shares of 20 per cent. less tax (bringing the total dividend for the year to 30 per cent. less tax) be declared and paid.

Mr. F. E. Powell seconded the motion, which was carried with acclamation, and, the Chairman having briefly responded, the proceedings terminated.

VALUABLE BOOKS FOR SALE

Guy De Maupassant's Works translated into English. 10 vols. £3
 Blake's Works. Edited by Ellis and Yeats. 3 vols. 1893. £25.
 Owen & Blakeway. History of Shrewsbury, 1825. 2 vols.
 quarto. Fine copy £4 15s.
 Ormerod's History of Cheshire. 3 vols. Folio, fine copy. 1882.
 £5 5s.
 Milne (A. A.). Winnie the Pooh. L.P. Signed copy. As
 new. 1926. £5 5s.
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 new. £20. Published at 39 guineas.
 Shaw (G. B.). Saint Joan. Illustrated by Ricketts. L.P.
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for each entry. Competitors may enter any or all
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sent in.Entries must be sent to the Hon. Sec., The
Empire Poetry League, Western Tower, Old Build-
ings, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.2, to arrive not later than
noon on Wednesday, April 11. Poems must be
typewritten, and envelopes marked "Competition."Entries will be submitted to a Selection Commit-
tee, and only ten poems in each section (or thirty
in all) will be read in public. From these a prize-
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winning poems (if judged to be of sufficiently high
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the Play*, and an evening be given to the reading of it during
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